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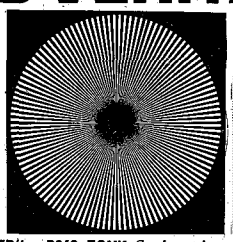
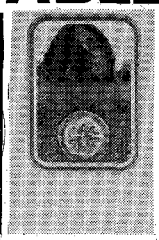
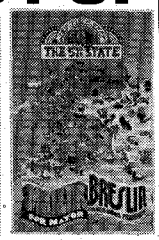


P963. ZONK. Sunburst in brilliant dayglo colors; blazing moire pattern in center; matte black background. 39½" square. *Only* **2.49**

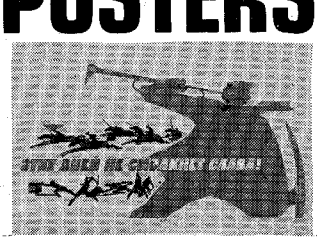


P111. Faulkner: "I BELIEVE . . . that man will prevail." 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

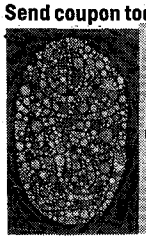
P264. THE SPARK OF FREEDOM SHALL NOT BE EXTINGUISHED. Russian poster silkscreened in black and red on white. 25¼" x 37". *Special* **1.98**



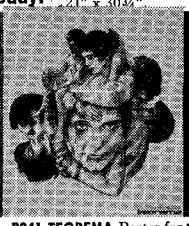
P195. MAILER for MAYOR OF NYC. Full color Mailer for Mayor poster—map layout of NYC as the 51st STATE. 24" x 36½". *Special* **1.98**



P263. THE GLORY OF THOSE DAYS SHALL NOT BE FORGOTTEN. Russian poster; silkscreened in red and black on white. 37" x 25½". *Special* **1.98**



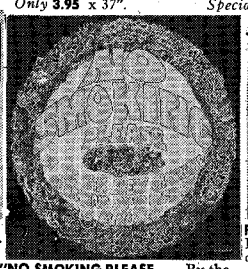
P706. PEACE. Iridescent reds, greens with white & red-brown. 30" x 19¾". *Special* **1.00**



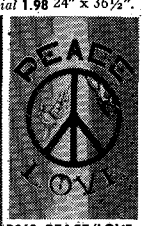
P241. TEOREMA. Poster for the controversial film; brilliant dayglo orange & red with black. 29¼" x 32½". *Only* **1.98**

P884. A MAN AND A WOMAN. In dayglo cerise, green, orange, red, on matte black. 29" x 40½". *Only* **1.98**

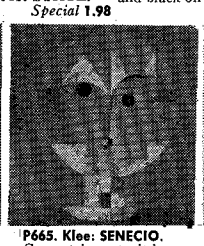
P240. U&I. Dayglo burnt orange, rose, cerise & chartreuse on matte black. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**



P237. "NO SMOKING PLEASE . . . By the Way, every Cigarette shortens Your Life 23 by 13 Minutes"; dayglo-brite lemon, cerise, green, blue, orange on matte black. 21¼" square. *Only* **1.98**

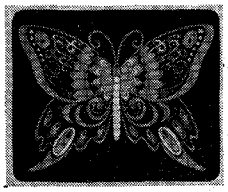


P960. PEACE/LOVE. Black with day-glo cerise through orange, yellow, green to blue. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**



P665. Klee: SENECIO. Geometric portrait in startling hues of red, pink, cream and burnt orange. 15¾" x 17". *Only* **1.98**

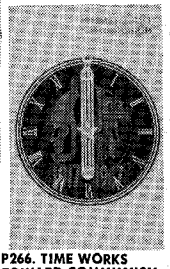
P190. UNCLE SAM on the population explosion; black on white. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**



P244. BUTTERFLY. Vivid dayglo colors: cerise, orange, chartreuse, blue, green, dark blue, on matte black. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P238. ENDLESS WINTER. Ski bum paradise in blinding dayglo red, chartreuse, blue & white. 29" x 41". *Only* **1.98**

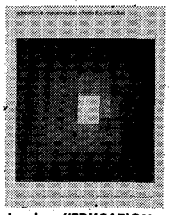
P242. WE SHALL OVERCOME. Matte black fist & rifle, black lettering, dayglo cerise & green circles on dayglo chartreuse. 28¼" square. *Only* **1.49**



P266. TIME WORKS TOWARD COMMUNISM, 1917-1967. Russian poster of a cavalryman and an astronaut; silkscreened in burnt siena, yellow & black 25½" x 37". *Special* **1.98**

P872. Lorin Gillette: FREE. Nude figure silhouetted against a setting sun and shadowed waves; on coated stock. 15½" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

P239. PHOENIX. Rebirth of the legendary Phoenix; dayglo cerise, burnt orange, purple, green, chartreuse & black on blue background. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**



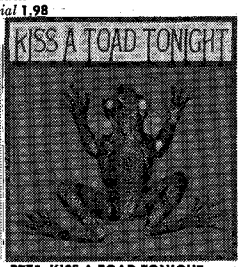
P109. Lessing: "EDUCATION Is Revelation that Affects the Individual." Purples, reds, grays, yellow & white center. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P265. WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! Russian poster silkscreened in green and orange on white. 37" x 25½". *Special* **1.98**

P262. PAINT IN. Three figures fully painted in full color (almost every color in the paint box!). 24¼" x 36½". *Only* **1.00**

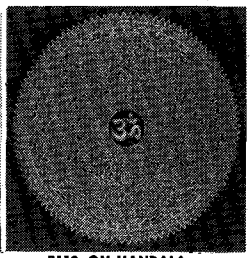
P110. Thoreau: ON INDIVIDUALITY. Painting by Hazard Durfee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P191. THE PILL IS A NO-NO. Pope Paul on the Pill; brown & yellow-beige. 11½" x 17½". *Only* **1.00**

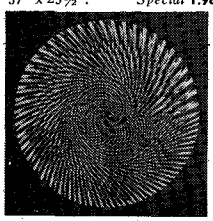


P775. KISS A TOAD TONIGHT. Humorous and thought provoking (what *does* happen when you kiss a toad?) with toad in red & purple on olive green background. 25½" square. *Special* **1.49**

P246. BAEZ GIRLS. "Proceeds from the sale of this poster go to The Draft Resistance"; black & white. 29½" x 42". *Only* **1.00**



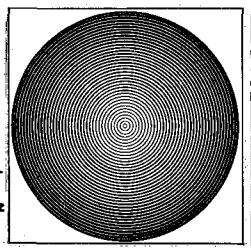
P119. OM MANDALA. Sacred Hindu meditation symbol in deep greens and gold, on heavy stock. 24" square. *Only* **1.98**



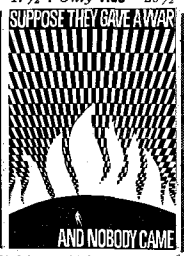
P217. HYPNO-MANDALA. Huge hypnotic swirl in dayglo red, yellow, blue, on a purple background. 20¼" square. *Special* **1.00**

P243. OMEGA. Last letter of Greek alphabet, meaning "that which is final, the end" dayglo orange on matte black. 30" square. *Only* **1.49**

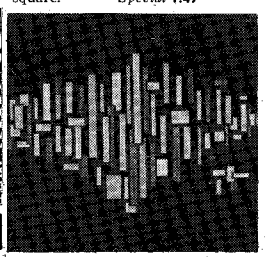
P737. Picasso. DON QUIXOTE. On Artists' canvas—a superb silk screen black on white canvas. 20" x 24". *Special* **2.98**



P677. TARGET. *HUGE* in blinding red, yellow, black and white. 40" x 40". *Special* **1.98**

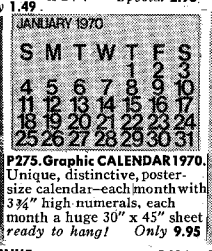


P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR —AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen —in black and dayglo red; 25" x 38". *Special* **4.95**



P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Color blocks in rhythmic pattern; dayglo greens, red, blue, orange, on black. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P245. LA LUTTE CONTINUE. French student-revolt poster in blinding dayglo red on white. 26" x 41" *Only* **1.49**



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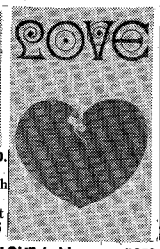
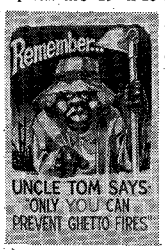
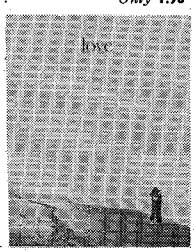


P634. LOVE (with a Band-aid). In lavender & broken orange heart; 22" x 35". *Special* **1.49**

P858. Ben Shahn. You have not converted a man because you have silenced him. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**



P113. UNCLE TOM. "Only YOU can Prevent Ghetto Fires", Green, brown, yellow. 22" x 33". *Only* **1.98**



P871. Lorin Gillette: LOVE. With background of sea and sand. 17¼" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

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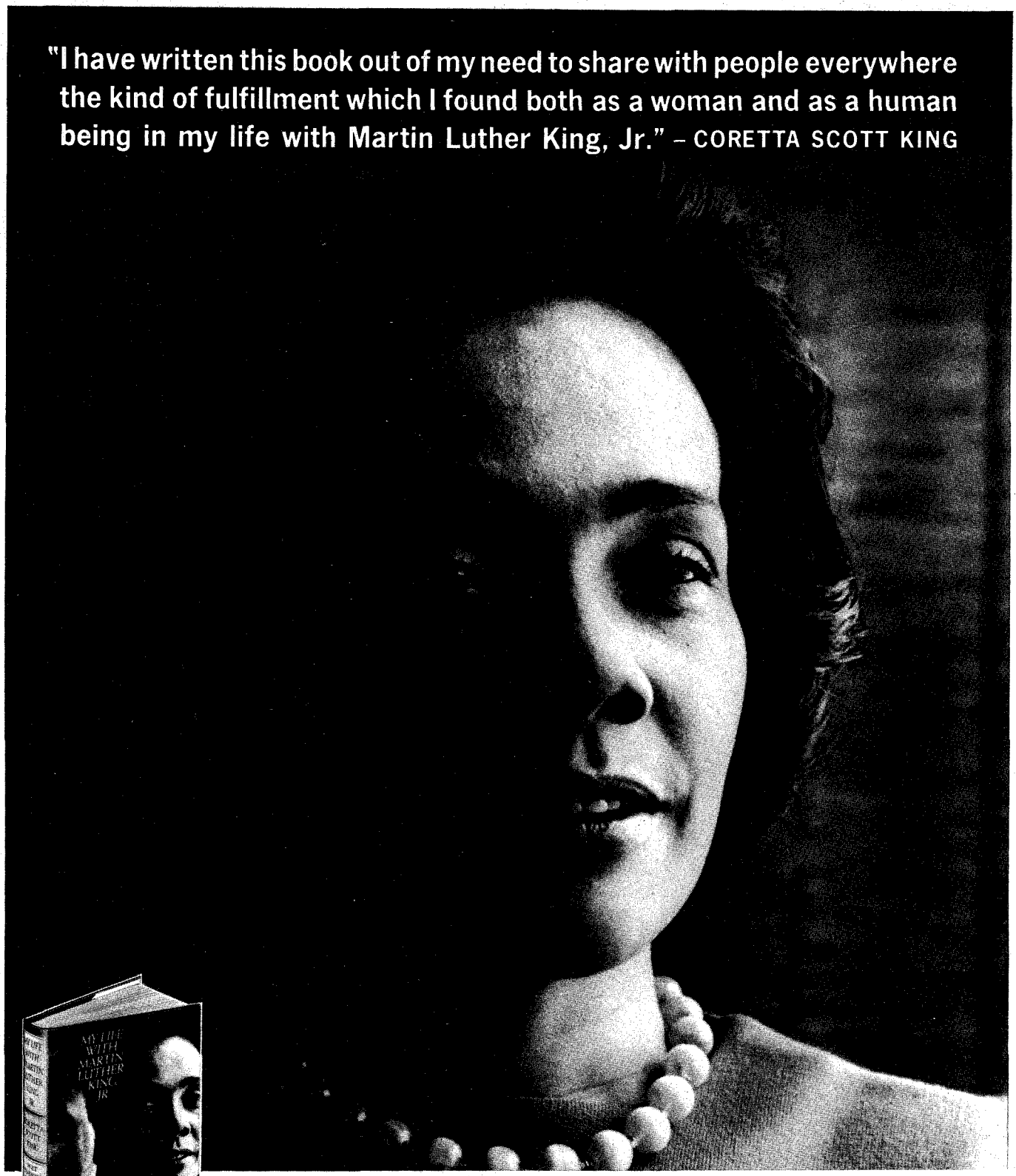

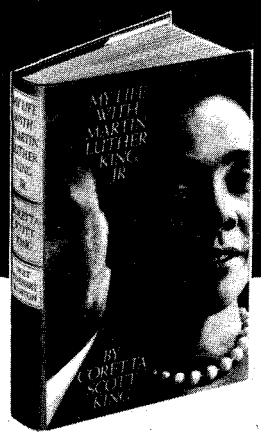

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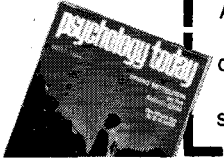

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The Enemy

It was a gorgeous day, crisp, cloudless, temperature about 60 though maybe 15 degrees higher in the sunlight, and the youngsters kept trooping in, more and more, and then sitting on the street, row after row of them. It was odd to see them – American youth – sitting there matter-of-factly on the asphalt. The Enemy.

Across the way were a couple of restaurants, one Mexican, one Chinese, and Nora Kaye's "Dresses & Women's Apparel," and shops like that, and on this side a couple of converted government offices, one of them the National Selective Service headquarters. F street at this point is a quiet street with a genteel, university-commercial atmosphere that brings you down to the quaint old granite-gingerbread State-War-Navy building, where it ends. It has a kind of cozy, Left Bank look. Here it was, closed in between 5-story buildings on either side, with the crowd squatting there, or lining the sidewalks, and the cops behind and law school students with white arm bands keeping order. Some sat in windows above the shops with their legs hanging out (one fondled a kitten), and some boys and girls were on the edge of the mansard roof, five stories up.

It was typical American Collegiate, i.e., dressed like bums; many conventionally clothed but more, I should say, with serapes, long hair, dungarees, sandals and what not. Somebody with an inadequate bullhorn asked for five minutes of silence and it grew eerily quiet. It was an odd atmosphere. There was no haranguing, no mob hysteria; on the other hand there were no comic highjinks. Everybody seemed a little embarrassed. Even the cops after a while got to looking self-conscious. When they masquerade as your sons and daughters how do you deal with The Enemy?

The hysteria all seemed to be on the other side. Sen. Allott (R, Colo.) suddenly discovered it was all a plot laid in East Germany. Patriotic types urged opponents to fly the American flag. Vice President Agnew (who always rises to an occasion) urged everybody to recant – the Moratorium had been endorsed by Pham Van Dong! Mr. Nixon himself guaranteed the success of the affair with his statement, "Under no circumstances will I be affected whatever by it." It was vastly more provocative than anything Dong said.

The same thing was going on across the nation, an extra-constitutional enlargement of the democratic process, unique in American history. More and more students came trooping in from the far end, sitting quietly down. I found it strangely affecting. They looked like such serious, nice kids. The Enemy. The ones who are going to overthrow our institutions. The ones who have the gall to oppose an immoral war. The ones who are so confident, under their mask of cynicism, that democracy somehow works. The ones who are not going to affect Mr. Nixon whatever . . . Yes, The Enemy.

Actually, of course, Mr Nixon is deeply affected by the Moratorium; when he said the contrary at his press conference he was just trying to project an image of firmness and resolution. As a professional Nixon-watcher I believe he spends a lot of time trying to project an image, as the wickedly funny book by Joe McGinnis, on how he was packaged and sold by the TV people in the 1968 campaign, relates. In fairness to Mr. Nixon the war puts him in a terrible dilemma. He awfully wants out. I know a lot of people will write in to deny this, but he has actually carried out most of the proposals for unwinding the war that were in the minority report to the Chicago Democratic convention that LBJ wouldn't let them adopt, including a beginning of troop withdrawal and some disengagement. What he can't bring himself to do is to serve an ultimatum on Thieu.

In a critical essay back in 1960, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., wrote: "Some liberals have supposed Nixon to be a consistent reactionary or conservative. They are quite wrong. . . . He is neither reactionary nor radical, neither conservative nor liberal; he is, in fact . . . one whose vital relationship is to the environment around him, who takes his standards from the group in which he aspires to live and who realizes himself as he identifies with what he deems respectable and enviable in the world outside himself." He added: "Always, always there are the infinitely sensitive antennae, detecting the changes in the national mood, and inducing corresponding changes in the personal adaptation."

In TRB's view the adaptable Mr. Nixon has sensed the national mood about Vietnam, and he has also sensed something else – which we believe came to him as a startling surprise with the simultaneously critical articles in *Newsweek* and *Time* and drop in the polls: he is in bad trouble and has got to do something about it. We expect him to try to do something quick.

We expect a series of speeches and trips about the country. Gen. Hershey is suddenly out. Others may go. We expect optimistic statements on curbing inflation and maybe a little jawboning against unjustified price increases, which he has so far eschewed. What he will do about Judge Haynsworth we don't know but, if our guess is correct, there will be further substantial troop withdrawals.

President Kennedy was also elected by a hairlash, but he soon won over many doubters. Mr. Nixon hasn't done this save in the South, and his gain there is balanced by a wider breach with 20 million blacks.

One tries to be fair. Mr. Nixon is in a war he didn't make. (He was a strong enough hawk, however, when that seemed to fit what Schlesinger calls "the national mood.") He will alienate somebody whatever he does. We think the way out is to talk tough to Mr. Thieu and require him to broaden his government. Here at home success may be a question of trust. Can he make us, can he make those youngsters, believe he is really trying to get out? We have been shocked recently to hear some of his advisers hint that he is the victim of some kind of a conspiracy – by the "Eastern press," or something of that sort. His troubles alas, are a lot deeper than that.

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Beyond the Moratorium

When Sam Brown walked into the cramped Moratorium office in Washington, D.C. that had been set up for a press briefing on October 15, he was very happy. The events he had predicted were beginning to happen, according to schedule and without violence: Coretta King leading 15,000 in Baltimore; 22,000 people marching around the White House; 1,500 students plowing through deep snow in Ft. Collins, Colorado; "untold thousands" in Milwaukee; 6,000 at John F. Kennedy Plaza in Philadelphia where only 2,000 had been expected; 100,000 in the Boston Common; tens of thousands in New York City's Bryant Park. The outcome was the expected one, welcome nonetheless, and Brown's first words concerned how difficult it would be now for Nixon to persist with the war. During the day there had been statements of support from politicians, the receipt of a soldier's military payroll check signed over to the Moratorium "to help end the war," an unabated flow of messages, money, interviews. It was too soon on Wednesday, for Brown to say where the Vietnam Moratorium Committee would go now, but the future was being earnestly thought about. He brushed aside demands to repudiate support for the Moratorium from Hanoi; the Administration's imputations of disloyalty were an insult to men of such unimpeachable reputation as Arthur Goldberg and Averell Harriman – who had offered their help.

Thursday morning, everyone knew that the Moratorium had brought out the largest demonstration of antiwar feeling in American history. It had so unaffected the President that, in anticipation, he had fired General Hershey, called in Ambassador Lodge, exhumed Vice President Humphrey, announced another Vietnam speech (three weeks in advance), and written an open letter to the country, standing by his famous refusal to be moved by protesters who take to the streets.

What was accomplished? A sizable consensus favoring rapid disengagement was formed, identified. Those who believe the US should stay in Vietnam until Hanoi and NLF give up could respond with nothing better than asking the nation to trust the President, and then trust him again, or with denunciations of the war's critics as "unwitting tools" and "self-appointed emissaries of Hanoi."

The air of election day about the Moratorium was enhanced by the last minute "campaign" speeches from everywhere, including the

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White House itself. The President did what he could to discredit the event, enlisting Vice President Agnew to make insinuations about fellow-travelling with Hanoi and to issue demands that the Moratorium's leaders show their loyalty by repudiating North Vietnam. It was old stuff, the Nixon of the fifties, no more persuasive and only slightly less embarrassing than the irrelevancies of Colorado's Republican Senator Gordon Allott, who said the Moratorium was conceived in East Berlin, gestated by the Socialist Workers Party, and suckled by Hanoi. Rep. Abner Mikva responded nicely when he said on the eve of the Moratorium that it would be "a sad day in our history if we were ever talked out of a right idea because it was endorsed by a few Communists."

What next? Can the Moratorium maintain momentum? Not unless it offers something more definite than "let's withdraw" or "we're for peace." By November and December, if the war is not over, the peace movement that has swept up hundreds of thousands of people must again take to the streets and parks and platforms – but this time to demand that all our forces be withdrawn by a specific date. The logistics of withdrawal were not spelled out on October 15. Because they were not, factionalism was avoided. The only guidance from the students who planned the national day was that demonstrations, of whatever kind, were to be nonviolent. That was sensible for a starter, but not for next month or thereafter.

The new forms and tactics of the Moratorium are bound to be somewhat influenced by what is said and done in the Senate. On October 27, Fulbright opens Foreign Relations Committee hearings to consider, among other proposals, that of Senator Charles Goodell (R, N.Y.), to schedule withdrawal of all US troops – combat and noncombat – by December 1970. That seems to us the most practical proposal that has been put forward. It is definite, it gives Saigon long advance notice, and it allows sufficient time for the transport of the troops. Its acceptance by the White House would signal changes in Saigon which must precede any serious negotiations. Senators Frank Church and Mark Hatfield have introduced a resolution similar to Goodell's, but not as clear cut; they ask for a rapid and orderly withdrawal, something much faster than the Nixon rate, but still imprudently subject to too many interpretations by the military. Senators Harold Hughes and Thomas Eagleton seek a sense-of-the-Senate resolution to stop US aid to South Vietnam, unless the Saigon government within 60 days ends "repressive" policies, gives amnesty to political prisoners, frees political parties to organize and function without control, and offers a plan for a representative provisional government. If that policy became official policy Thieu and Ky would of course disappear, and, again, the way would be opened for true negotiation; their resolution is worth serious debate. Senator Kennedy's – a pull-out by the end of '72 – has little to commend it but the claim it makes for itself of being a "hard compromise." Senator Javits would repeal the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, a worthy gesture but not much else.

At any rate, for five days, beginning the 27th, the nation's attention will be fixed on these and other proposals, on the responses made to antiwar sentiment by Melvin Laird and William P. Rogers in their testimony, and on the evidence Congress provides of its will to be done with Vietnam.

This is not the first time that a government has wished the people would shut up, go away, stop interfering, nor the first time the people have taken their freedom seriously enough to use it in a bold, political way. The Moratorium movement has had an impressive beginning. Henceforth, it must not only reemphasize its nonviolent character – but get down to brass tacks.

Humphrey Dumphrey

The former Vice President is a man of many parts, if one can put them together into a whole. Five days before the Moratorium, he delighted the White House and staggered many admiring Democrats by volunteering his conviction that Mr. Nixon is "proceeding along the right path" in Vietnam. And since Mr. Humphrey is not addicted to brevity, there was more. He declared that "we have only one President at a time," a comfortless reminder. He said that what Mr. Nixon "has done has been good," and that "the country ought to recognize that we are making some progress."

All this could be accounted for by Mr. Humphrey's indisputable respect for the Presidency. But then Mr. Humphrey turned about and officially and formally announced his endorsement of the Moratorium, which, in newspaper ads, news releases and interviews, had made plain its demand for an "immediate withdrawal of US troops." Back in Minnesota, Mr Humphrey explained. He was not for *immediate* withdrawal; after all, "it took a long time to get those troops in there." Anyway, he did not think "you want it on your consciences that we withdrew our forces so rapidly that we left 25,000 Americans trapped and massacred in another Dien Bien Phu." Had he forgotten that the French were not withdrawing at that point from Indochina, but were fighting, trying to win?

Later, in Minneapolis, he had more to say; he had gone to see the President because "as head of the Democratic Party, and by God I am the leader of the party, I didn't want him to worry about me stabbing him in the back later." He had to tell Mr. Nixon that "this country was sick to the teeth over [the war] and that he must act dramatically to end it." Immediately too?

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Military Spending

The Senate's "great debate" on military spending lasted more than two months; in the end, less than $200 million was cut from a $20 billion bill authorizing military procurement and research. The House disposed of the same bill in three days, adding another billion for new ships. Rep. Gerald Ford, the Republican floor leader, was among those who voted for the extra billion (on a non-record teller vote). Thus did the President's men cooperate with Southern Democrats who rule the military committee. The GOP-Dixie coalition was back in business.

Was anything accomplished by the prolonged Senate debate? Sen. Proxmire and Sen. Mansfield believe it will cause both the Administration and the military committees to ask more critical questions about Pentagon budgets before and after they have been submitted. Proxmire points to the $4 billion which Defense Secretary Laird is in process of carving out of the $81 billion budget he inherited from the Johnson Administration. There are indications that next year's defense budget will be cut back to around $70 billion. Over the next decade, however, the new weapons systems which survived Senate and House attacks are going to eat up enormous chunks of money. New fighter aircraft, for example, will be about three times as expensive to buy and operate as current models. Moreover, the reductions which have been made public to date in the defense budget are mainly short-term savings. If the Pentagon goes on reducing operating hours, maintenance, and support units, but keeps its basic force structure intact, it won't be long before the budget bounces back. Savings from manpower cuts will be lost in a year or two in the form of more costly weapons and higher pay.

That is why it is essential that the senators and representatives who mounted the recent attack on Pentagon spending not give up. The Defense Department appropriations bill, which will come up for debate soon, offers another chance to marshal arguments for reducing defense spending.

Cease-Fire Fallacy (II)

In his letter to the editors last week, Clark Kerr, chairman of the National Committee for a Political Settlement in Vietnam, wrote that *The New Republic* had misstated his committee's position in saying Mr. Kerr's committee "advocates a cease-fire without a political settlement." That is not what we said ("Cease-Fire Fallacy," October 4). We said that there would be no standstill cease-fire, that none could be negotiated with Hanoi and the NLF, until the anti-Communist government of Thieu and Ky has been replaced. It is not only that "time has overtaken the negotiated cease-fire solution in Vietnam," as John Kenneth Galbraith has noted; it is that the cease-fire proposal, so humanitarian in spirit, has always been a side issue. The central issue is who governs in the South, and whether that government is willing and able to reach some agreement with the NLF and Hanoi. If it is, a cease-fire is a logical consequence.

"Why can't elections be the method of choosing the new Saigon regime?" Mr. Kerr asks. For the Communists, he says, would be "assured a role in the newly elected government and a firm foothold to pursue their goals and increase their control politically, since they are one of the best organized minorities in South Vietnam." But there *were* elections, and the war went on. What would lead the Communists now to believe they would fare any better in elections? Who would supervise the balloting in the confusion that now prevails in "safe" areas, Communist areas, contested areas? Who would guard the guardians? The Communists, in Paris and elsewhere, have made it plain that they will not accept another election as a method of establishing a successor government to Thieu and Ky. They do not accept that because they know that the survival of Thieu and

Dr. Strange-glove

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Ky depends on the maintenance of an anti-Communist structure in Saigon, and that Thieu and Ky mean to survive – so long as America permits. They know also, or suspect, that the large US trained anti-Communist police force (controlled by Thieu and Ky) would be no more neutral in a new election than General Ky's paratroopers would be – and perhaps no more likely to abide by the result. In brief, they seem convinced that so long as the present Saigon regime endures, no matter what kind of international peacekeeping mechanism might be devised, a free, open contest could not be guaranteed.

As was said earlier in these pages, many well-motivated critics of US military involvement are not challenging the Nixon Administration to face up to real alternatives. They are bought off by repeated assertions that it is not the US but Hanoi that is preventing a settlement; that the US has in fact offered compromise after compromise, only to be turned down by the other side. Of course, the US has been turned down, because our negotiators have not been willing to discuss a political compromise. Nobody in this war is going to "stand still," until there is such a compromise. The only chance there is for a break in the stalemate in Paris is for the US to give something, and that something is the proposal of a coalition government in the South. "Vietnamization," is nothing more than a euphemism for letting Asians fight Asians, and doing it with US support. It may be smart politics in Washington, but it is not peace. Washington has been running one side of this war since 1965, and it ought not now to reject responsibility for one side of the settlement. If Thieu and Ky refuse, as they have refused, to cooperate in permitting the emergence of an interim government in Saigon, the US would have every reason to withdraw its forces unilaterally, completely, and swiftly. And in so doing, it would have the approval of a large majority of Americans.

Pastore's Pet

It is sound doctrine that things ought not to be needlessly upset; if an arrangement works reasonably well, let it alone. But Senator Pastore of Rhode Island has a more novel, more radical view: if it works badly, keep it that way. The case in point is the Senator's proposed legislation on broadcasting, and to see the significance of it, one must go back to the Communications Act of 1934. That Act granted a limited franchise "for the use of . . . [the airwaves] but not the ownership thereof," renewable every three years, so long as the licensee can demonstrate that his custodianship serves the "public interest, convenience, and necessity." In theory, the Act was a monument to the creativity of its architects. Unlike the traditional rate-setting devices used to regulate other public-service monopolies, it retains the discipline of the competitive process. The licensee's performance is subject to the scrutiny of other, aspiring licensees. The result is, or so the Act intended, a self-policing system; defects in performance are called to the FCC's attention and corrected.

But the bored and bleary-eyed TV watcher knows the system hasn't worked, as does the radio listener, his ears assaulted by high-decibel commercials and corn music. Why hasn't it worked? Because the FCC, for one thing, quickly became a captive of the industry, a rubber stamp of incumbent licensees Indeed, a 1951 FCC decision adopted pro forma renewal of licenses as official policy.

In very rare instances, the FCC has shown a spark of independence – quickly extinguished. Thus, in the forties it said that no franchise-holder could transfer (sell) his broadcast license without there first being public hearings at which the FCC could examine the relative merits of competing bidders. The industry responded with a stunning display of political overkill. By unanimous vote, Congress ordered that no such hearing need be held, and that the Commission could examine only the qualifications of the single buyer to whom the licensee proposed to sell – that is, the highest bidder. Years later, when then FCC Chairman E. William Henry suggested limiting the number of commercials per hour, the National Association of Broadcasters pushed through the House of Representatives a resolution forbidding the enactment of any such limits, even though, in deference to the industry, Chairman Henry had proposed adopting limits set forth in the NAB's own Code of Good Practice.

Early this year, the FCC stirred again. It stumbled into awarding the license of WHDH-TV (Boston) to a competing applicant. Enter Senator Pastore. In one of the more transparent deals in a town rife with deals, the major networks agreed with the Senator on the need for industry self-censorship of sex and violence; in return, the Senator introduced S. 2004 – a bill to prevent the Commission from examining the relative qualifications and program proposals of all applicants for a broadcast license until it has, in effect, disqualified the incumbent licensee. Only then could the Commission order a hearing at which it might compare competing applications. As has been observed elsewhere, an analogous change in the election laws would mean that no one could run for office until the incumbent had been impeached. Under the Pastore restriction, the FCC would be forced to reject or accept the incumbent without knowing the alterntives, without the benefit of anything other than the self-serving representations of the licensee before it, without the criticisms of prospective

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new licensees or their proposals for improvement.

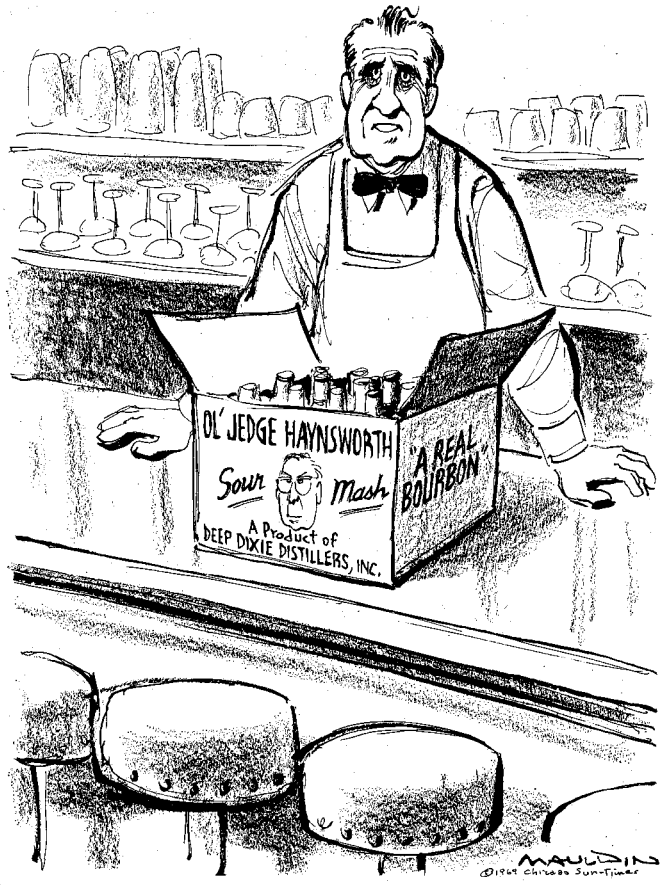
The only sanction the Commission can, or does, impose on an errant licensee under present law is to deny renewal of a license, and the Commission has been extremely reluctant to do that. Only recently, the FCC renewed the license of a broadcaster who had admitted fraudulent billing and fake advertising during a period when it was on probation for similar infractions. Not for three decades has the FCC refused a renewal because of poor programming.

Behind Pastore's move, which has the backing of 84 representatives and 20 senators as of today, lies the wish to cut off competition before it begins to spread. Several competing applications have been filed against some of the major stations. The large conglomerates think they detect a rising concern over the concentration of mass media ownership, at the Commission level as well as in the antitrust division of the Justice Department. Every single VHF television license in the top 10 markets is owned by either a network, a group owner, or a newspaper publisher. Mr. Pastore would preclude local applicants from raising such issues in a competing application for license, until after the corporate owner had been disqualified. A competing application is not cheap (it has been estimated that it costs a minimum of $250,000 just to see one through the Commission without counting appeals, etc. which are sure to follow); it is not worth the protracted litigation involved unless the stakes are high. It is the larger stations, not the small local station of average profitability, that hunger for the added protection of the Pastore Bill.

The Haynsworth Taint

On its dreary course toward an unpredictable conclusion, the case of Judge Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., the South Carolina nominee to the Supreme Court, is telling us more about the Nixon Administration than it is about the Judge. By now it must be clear to the President that he has been badly served by Attorney General John N. Mitchell, who in the early stages of the business was happy to take full responsibility for the preliminary checks on the nominee's integrity and competence. Now that Mr. Nixon has had White House Counsel John Ehrlichman and Deputy Counsel Clark Mollenhoff, a former investigative journalist, double-check the Mitchell checks, the Attorney General is said to be passing word that he had plenty of company in recommending the nomination. At his weekly meeting with Republican congressional leaders last Tuesday, the President said that he was determined to stand by his nominee even if Senate support for it dwindles to "one vote." He said that he remains convinced that Judge Haynsworth is an honorable man, a sound and moderate jurist who promises to be a distinguished Justice. The issue was thus made into a test of Nixon's leadership and judgment, and of the loyalty of Republican senators to their Republican President.

By the count generally accepted last week, at least 13 Republican senators were committed to vote against confirmation along with 35 Democrats, and the prospect of rejection grew by the day. The factual case against Judge Haynsworth, resting mainly upon his demonstrated proclivity for minimizing the importance of his stock interests in litigants before the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, over which he presides as chief judge, was not materially strengthened or weakened by the spate of amplified charges and rebuttals that continued to come from critics and defenders. What was striking and distressing was the narrow view that the President took. Judge Haynsworth, for example, admitted that he bought 1000 shares of Brunswick Corporation stock while a petty local case involving that company was before his court. The fact, not disputed, that the decision in the case could not possibly affect the value of the Judge's stock, sufficed for the President. The folly of the purchase at the time and in the circumstances seemed to escape him. So, apparently



"I'm stuck with the whole case, and believe me, folks, it's great stuff!"

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did the evidence that the Haynsworth affair offends the nation's sense of right and propriety. It all began, of course, with a nomination that on the face of it was a payoff to the White South – to Strom Thurmond's South if not to Senator Thurmond himself – for the support it gave Mr. Nixon last year and may be asked to give him again in 1972. Nothing good could have come, and nothing good has, of a nomination so tainted in origin.

Abortion for Whom?

More than one million illegal abortions are performed a year in the US. Last month in California the State Supreme Court declared unconstitutional a century-old statute that made abortion a felony unless performed to save the mother's life. In New York recently two suits have been filed in federal courts challenging the constitutionality of New York's abortion law. Thus at each end of the country attacks are again being made on statutes that limit a woman's right to terminate a pregnancy.

The California court held in the *Belous* case that the old state law was too vague to guide physicians in determining whether to perform an abortion, and that it infringed upon the fundamental right of a woman to choose whether to bear children. Similar arguments are now being heard in New York. In one case, the ACLU has filed for four doctors who contend that their freedom to practice medicine is being restricted. In the other, suit has been filed for over 125 plaintiffs on the grounds of violation of privacy, denial of equal opportunity, and the infringement of the freedoms of speech and religion.

At this point, only Dr. Belous is affected by the California decision, for in 1967 a model state law superseded the statute under which Dr. Belous was prosecuted. California's new "progressive" statute (similar to that adopted in six other states in the past three years) is based primarily upon the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code, which lists five justifications for therapeutic abortions that go beyond the "serious threat to the mother's life" – the basis of most older laws. Under the code, abortion is permissible where the pregnancy presents a threat to either the life or health of the mother, where the pregnancy results from rape or incest, or where there is a likelihood that the foetus is gravely deformed. During the first six months of this year, 5056 abortions were performed in California under the new statute, of which 4649 were justified as threats to the mother's health.

Drafters of the new laws felt that enumeration of specific instances where abortions should be allowed – life, health, rape, incest and deformity – would help physicians decide, particularly in borderline cases. Unfortunately, the majority of cases are not directly dealt with by the statutes. Most women who seek abortions are married, and complex socioeconomic problems are behind most of their requests. Legislatures have thus put physicians in the difficult, recurrent position of having to make nonprofessional decisions, of having to search for some way to introduce social, ethical, economic, in short, personal reasons as justification. As the California figures suggest, concern with any possible threat to the mother's health becomes a catch-all concept, which physicians expand like an accordion to allow abortions for those they feel are deserving patients. Some physicians believe that personal concerns bear directly upon health and that inquiries should go beyond whether the woman can adjust to motherhood; others don't. Thus one woman may be refused under what she thinks is the law, only to find that her neighbor with a different physician had no problem at all.

Moreover, although ostensibly opening the door to abortion, the new statutes discriminate most against those with the greatest need. The rich have always been able to get abortions by going abroad. The poor cannot travel, and even under a liberal law they still have to pay for the time of the physicians who sign their letters, attend consultations, and sit on review panels. Despite reform, a woman must buy not only the surgeon's services, but the administrative permission for them as well. Psychiatric consultations and surgical fees alone place the cost of legalized abortions out of the reach of women at the poverty level. Both in the District of Columbia and Maryland, the lowest possible charge is $250.

Even women who can pay are subjected to clearance procedures often involving argument with physicians and appointed authorities and demeaning pleas for assistance. Here is where a further problem with the new legislation lies. Under the present reformed laws the decision to perform an abortion is usually in the hands of a specified number of physicians or of a reviewing committee. Many hospitals have also voluntarily set up reviewing committees. But if basically personal reasons are behind up to 90 percent of the requests for abortions, should physicians and their committees have the final word? Psychiatrists, who reach into the attitudes, motivations, and personal problems of the expectant mother, are more keenly aware of the difficulties. The solution may not be to eliminate this important medical consultation, but to change the role of physicians and of their committees from that of judge to that of counsel, so that the woman's right to make the final decision as well as her right to advice, is protected.

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The Nixon Watch

Know Your President

A group of White House reporters had a rare and startling experience the other day. They heard one of the President's principal assistants say something meaningful about Richard Nixon as a person. "He is the kind of fellow," the assistant said, "who has a plan, who knows what he wants to do, and says to himself, 'If everybody will just keep quiet and leave me alone, I'll get it done and everything will be all right.' " The insight was interesting. But the really interesting thing about it was not what was said but that it was said. The Nixonologists of the press are reduced, most of the time, to applying to their study of the President the processes of deductive guessing that Kremlinologists and students of the Hanoi and Peking hierarchies have to rely upon. Here, for once, was a departure from the rule of reticence that Mr. Nixon appears to have imposed upon everybody who works for and associates with him in an official capacity. I say, "appears," because I don't *know* that Mr. Nixon has imposed such a rule. I deduce that he has from the fact that the people who work for him usually either evade or flatly refuse to answer any question that has to do with his personal behavior and reactions when he is out of public sight.

A notable exception to this pattern of non-response lends itself to endless deduction. Mr. Nixon's people are pleased to say, at every opportunity, that he "enjoys the job" and "gets a bang" out of being President. They imply that his enjoyment, the bang he gets, increases in direct ratio to his troubles. The Nixonologist is invited to deduce, but of course doesn't, that the President chortles every time another senator announces his intention to vote against the confirmation of Judge Haynsworth's nomination to the Supreme Court, and that the October 15 Vietnam Moratorium positively enraptured Mr. Nixon. What I deduce is a determination at the White House, carried to a point close to desperation in times of stress, to preserve the desired image of a President in unshakable command of his job and the country.

One may deduce from a known fact that Mr. Nixon suspects that something is wrong with the image his servitors are projecting, mostly by trying not to project any personalized image at all. The known fact is that John Ehrlichman, the White House Counsel, has recently added to his expanding responsibilities a review of White House public relations. Is Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler serving the President's best interests with his technique of genial caution and with his studied refusal to flesh out the aseptically sparse account of White House doings that he offers daily? Is Herbert Klein, the President's Director of Communications for the Executive Branch, providing the in-depth background that reporters were led to expect from him when the informational function was divided between him and Ziegler? The short answer to both questions is no. But Ehrlichman may conclude, if he hasn't already, that Messrs. Ziegler and Klein are performing precisely as the President has told them to and that, in this limited sense, they in their careful ways are useful reflectors of Mr. Nixon. If what the President wants and requires is an essentially false reflection of himself, that is worth knowing.

The perils of tinkering with the informational procedures devised for and approved by Nixon when he was the President-elect are illustrated by one of the innovations being considered at the White House. It is to release, either regularly to the entire press or intermittently to favored reporters and pundits, a "sanitized" version of the President's actual schedule on theoretically typical days, rather than the skeletal schedule that is routinely announced. Reporters being the captious creatures they are, the result is foreseeable if this is done. Nobody will believe that the inflated version has been "sanitized" only to protect the national security. The Presidential cosmeticians will be said to have achieved another dubious triumph.

The trouble with the effort to protect the President from candid disclosure of any kind is that it is bound to fail. Chinks open up, with unflattering consequences. There was, for instance, the aftermath of the 50 minutes that Lieut. General Lewis B. Hershey, the nation's draft director since 1941, spent with the President on October 10. Much was made afterward of the reluctance of the White House spokesmen to acknowledge that General Hershey was being relieved in order to dampen the Vietnam protest coming up last week. A more interesting disclosure, in the glimpse it gave of Mr. Nixon, came from General Hershey when he said through his own press office that in their time together at the White House "the President did not at any time come right out and say to me, 'You are no longer Director of Selective Service.' "

For days after Marshal Ky of South Vietnam blew the whistle, somewhat inaccurately, on the President's plans for his second increment of troop withdrawals from Vietnam, White House reporters were told that

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Nixon was not at all perturbed. It was possible to infer from the official account that the episode had been prearranged for trial purposes. In the company of a group that happened to include a young woman, one of the President's closest associates said much later that he would be happy to narrate Nixon's real reaction "if the lady left the room." A trivial thing, it may be argued, but it was typical of the episodes that continually reduce Mr. Nixon's credibility.

The disclosures that do come the assiduous reporter's way create an impression that, more often than not, would be to the President's benefit if they were not in such sharp contrast with the contrived image. An example is the forethought on the part of some members of the Nixon staff that preceded his four weeks of working vacation in California in August and September. Did the President, a restless man, really want to spend that long a time away from Washington? What mix of work and play would suffice to hold him still for an interlude that the concerned staff members thought he genuinely needed? To the relief and considerable surprise of the assistants in question – principally Robert Haldeman, John Ehrlichman and Dwight Chapin – the President throve upon the mix of work in the mornings and rather stolid play in the afternoons that they arranged for him. I found it interesting, and not at all discreditable to Mr. Nixon, that he was thought to require and appeared to welcome that degree of management by his assistants. But I tend to reflect upon it when I am asked to believe that he is the totally sufficient manager of himself and the country that he is depicted to be.

I reported in the previous issue of this journal that the senior assistants to Henry A. Kissinger, the President's chief staff adviser on foreign policy, "never see the President and never communicate directly with him." That was not a deduction but, up to October 2, a fact of the kind from which I and others around the White House have deduced that Mr. Nixon isolates himself to an extraordinary and increasing extent from all except a very few chosen advisers within his own official family. It turns out that on October 2 the President invited Kissinger and his hitherto avoided senior assistants to the White House Cabinet Room for a prolonged, leisurely and productive talk-fest. It was an unprecedented occasion, not likely to be repeated in the near future. Mr. Nixon may be expected to continue to look to Kissinger, and to Kissinger alone, for the personal delivery of staff advice on foreign policy. The point of mentioning the departure from custom here is that the Nixonologist comes upon happenings of this kind only by accident at the Nixon White House. Instead of cooking up such phoney concessions to reportorial hunger as the sanitized appointments list now in discussion, the President's managing assistants and his press spokesmen would do better to lower the screen a bit and let the man behind it appear, warts and all, more often than they have done up to now. But that, of course, would require a change in concept and instructions that can come only from the hidden President, and probably never will.

John Osborne

Law Schools and Law Firms

Tithing at the Bar

While I agree with Ralph Nader's interest in upgrading the legal representation available to what we think of as "good causes," his analysis ("Law Schools and Law Firms," October 11) grinds to a halt before he can address the important issues facing the legal profession and those who need its services. Toward the end of his three-pronged attack on the law schools, the big law firms, and Washington lawyer Lloyd Cutler, Nader comes close to asking the $64 question:

> "Clearly there is a need for a new dimension to the legal profession. This need does not simply extend to those groups or individuals who cannot afford a lawyer. It extends to the immense proliferation of procedural and substantive interests which go to the essence of the kind of society we will have in the future, *but which may have no legal representation.* The absence of remedy is tantamount to an absence of right. The engineer of remedies for exercising rights is the lawyer." (Emphasis added.)

What I think Nader is trying to say is that there are people, issues, and interests who need lawyers, who ought to have lawyers and who cannot obtain the adequate services of lawyers.

This is certainly the most significant problem facing the legal profession today. The impediments to its solution, I would suggest, have little to do with the historical crustiness of law schools or the high priced hired-gun syndrome of the big corporate firms. The law schools, as Nader notes, have changed curricula to offer the socially concerned law student a respectable panoply of skills with which to provide representation to the poor, the uninformed and the isolated persons who are often in dire need of legal service and often don't even know it.

The big law firms – the 50-plus man shops of New York, Washington, and Chicago – who seem to be the apples of Nader's evil eye, employ a relatively small percentage of the nation's lawyers and a declining

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percentage of its top caliber practitioners. These firms, like the fanciest house in town, will always have as their clientele the very rich, who are different from you and me. Therefore, the expertise developed in these high-ticket houses is not always readily transferrable to handling the problems of the poor or the institutionally oppressed. In addition, as Nader notes, conflicts of interest are likely to arise if lawyers from these firms launch open attacks upon powerful vested interests. I think that we must write off the big firms to a large degree and seek their money – with which to hire *pro bono publico* lawyers – while regarding man-hours they devote to public interest work as pure bonus.

The difficulty is financial. There is an adequate supply of able and dedicated young, middle aged, and older attorneys who would, if adequate compensation were available, dedicate themselves to representing and counseling those who need, but cannot afford to buy, their services. Government service, which offers substantially less pay than private practice, is attracting large numbers of bright law graduates where it offers work clothed in an important public interest. OEO-funded neighborhood legal services projects draw far more applicants than they can afford to hire and, until recently, the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department's only staffing problem was deciding which were the best among its many applicants.

However, lawyers like to eat and, not surprisingly when we remember that they are among the nation's better educated folk, they expect to eat at least as well as plumbers, bricklayers and other skilled craftsmen. To hire the number and quality of lawyers needed to provide adequate legal service to those who cannot buy it will take an enormous amount of money, compared to the current budgets of most domestic social programs, although an amount which would hardly be missed if ladled from the troughs at which we feed the military. However, the money is not now available and is not likely to be for some years. Even if we cut back on the military, and a decision is made to redirect governmental resources to domestic issues, there are many items of urgency competing with public legal services for a piece of the pie. Thus, until America's governments are willing to accept the burden of providing the very necessary and very public services of legal representation for all in need of it, some interim method of financing a nationwide system of adequate programs must be found.

One source of funds, and of substantial funds, should be the private bar. Even the medical profession, which is rarely mentioned as being in the vanguard of the public interest, devotes a sizable amount of its time and money to providing treatment and facilities for the poor. The legal profession, however, is quite a heterogeneous crowd and, as noted above, conflict of interest or absence of necessary skills often prevents the private practitioner from offering his services, in kind, to public interest work. For such lawyers, a system of tithing is needed, with the money going to independent (of government and vested private interests) entities which will provide legal service to the public without fees. For those lawyers whose skills are transferrable without raising conflicts of interest, five hours of work per week for the *pro bono publico* entity should be mandatory. In addition, public and private funding should be raised as ruthlessly and efficiently as contributions are secured by some religious groups.

Also, various forms of group law practice, funded by organizations such as labor unions, or by insurance systems like those in the health field, should be encouraged. This, of course, is a device which has met with strenuous opposition from the organized bar. Perhaps, just as the AMA's opposition to social security and medicare was overcome legislatively so must the bar's narrowness in the areas of group and public law practice be put to rest by clear legislative pronouncement.

Another issue on which the organized bar is entrenched in obstructionist posture concerns lawyers actively looking for "business." The age old prohibitions against barratry are grounded in the legal profession's desire to prevent the courts from being flooded with cases and the lawyer from appearing in the undignified posture of someone with something to sell. Both of these objections to lawyers aggressively seeking cases and causes to represent are trivial compared to the inequities the strict anti-barratry canons have imposed upon the poor and the ignorant. These people, whose rights under the present state of the law are often minimal, usually do not even know when their rights have been violated. The ghetto resident who purchased furniture on time almost always is ignorant of the usury laws which may prohibit the collection of excessive penalties or the repossession of his sofa. Yet the organized bar has gagged the concerned lawyer with threats of disbarment if he dares to tell the poor man of his rights. So, too, the lawyer who perceives industrial air pollution as a hazard to his community is told by his bar association that he cannot seek some concerned citizens, raise money to bring a lawsuit, and try to stop the smog.

There are numerous other impediments, many erected by the governments and the bar associations, to obtaining effective legal representation for needy and deserving persons and causes. They cannot all be solved at once. The first priority for the legal profession is to acknowledge the enormity of the problems and get off its collective ass.

Thomas R. Asher

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Can Politics Keep up with Technology?

Feeding the Hungry

by Richard Critchfield

Rome

"It's new but terrific," said the enthusiastic young French economist as we sipped *cafe expresso* under Rome's sparkling blue October sky. "In four years, 34 million acres planted in the new seeds in Asia alone. Incredible. Malthus may have been right but the crisis in our time will be social not mass starvation."

"We have been forced to redefine the population problem," his British colleague agreed. "Now we worry more about idle arms than hungry mouths. Our new strategy is to go beyond sheer physical food production to income redistribution and jobs. It could be an agricultural revolution of the same magnitude as transformed Europe at the end of the eighteenth century. But the social disorganization could be so large-scale as to make it impossible to realize the new production possibilities."

As they spoke, one could look down from the rooftop *terrazza* of Mussolini's old colonial ministry, which today houses the Food and Agricultural Organization, directly across the via delle Terme di Caracalla, to that supreme assembly of Roman ruins: Palatine Hill, Circus Maximus, the Coloseum, the Forum. The memories of great men, the echoes of noble speeches, the screams of the martyrs, the final onrush of the barbarians, seem to hang all around them; oddly enough, the FAO, which has just completed, after six years work, a master plan to avert world famine in the 1970s and 1980s, is situated in the very heart of ancient Rome.

The challenge is familiar. Every ten seconds four people die of malnutrition, about 190,000 more join the number of earthlings each day. If the present 1.9 per cent growth rate holds, the global population of 3.4 billion will double by the year 2006.

For years, the FAO's former director general, Binay Ranjan Sen, an ascetic Brahmin from India, kept hammering on these chilling statistics. Sen's message was simple and very pessimistic: makind was approaching the crisis predicted in 1798 by Malthus, and, with the division of wealth broadly coinciding with the division of color, the rich nations of the West were living uncomfortably close to something like a white man's 1789.

Sen's FAO colleagues today say his dire predictions were politically calculated to transform world attitudes on birth control. Except for Pope Paul, irreverently referred to as "that old man over on the hill" by FAO staffers (the Vatican is only a mile or so down the Tiber), it apparently did. For one, the State Department's Policy Planning Council under Walt Rostow in 1964 submitted a secret study to former President Johnson concluding the Malthusian crisis would hit in the mid-1970s. This, widespread monsoon and crop failures and famine in Bihar in 1965 led to Johnson's "short tether" policy of doling out American food aid only for a few months at a time and tying it to specific action by recipients to curb population and grow more food. A few leaders, such as Egypt's Nasser, balked and received no more grain.

But elsewhere the result was a wholesale shift in investment priorities toward agriculture and adoption of new seeds and methods of cultivation. When favorable rains came in 1966-67 and Asian harvests rose spectacularly, a "green revolution" was hailed and there was talk of a few "miracle" rice and wheat seeds ending world hunger. In actuality, according to the FAO, less than 20 tons of Asia's total annual 250 million ton grain harvest this year comes from the new varieties. Their real importance has been as a catalyst, dramatizing to governments the technological rewards of 25 years of past investment and encouraging much greater spending on agriculture.

For instance, I can remember during the height of India's near-famine four years ago interviewing a young Indian seed technician out on a wheat field at Pusa Agricultural Institute near Delhi. The field was one of the first of ten acres to be sown in all of India with the new Mexican dwarf wheat seed. I was surprised and skeptical when he said, "Fertilizer could solve India's food problem within two years. Irrigation takes time, but with enough nitrogen and these new Mexican seeds, we could lick the food shortage in a hurry." At that time such young technicians were voices in the Indian political wilderness; today they are not. This year a third of India's 34.6 million acres of wheatland is sown in the new varieties; the wheat harvest has risen 51 percent in four years and India now spends 20 percent of its foreign exchange on fertilizer.

The new seeds are largely the product of years of patient research by the Rockefeller and Ford founda-

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tions, starting with pioneer research in 1943 by Norman Borlaug, J. George Harrar and other plant breeders in Mexico; they cross-bred Mexican wheat, originally brought from Spain by Cortez, with dwarf strains from Japan, eventually producing a shorter, stockier plant which does not fall over under the weight of its own yield. Similar research followed in the Philippines.

The new seeds have the virtues of the old varieties with higher yields and responsiveness to fertilizer, are easier to harvest, and above all, are nonseasonal. Triple-cropping in the same field every year is now well within the capacity of millions of Asian farmers. The seeds are not hybrid; an FAO technician corrected me on this and described them instead as open pollinated, which means that 20 percent of seeds sown need to be replaced every year or they lose their strength. Indeed, one FAO plant breeder feels strongly there may be real trouble ahead unless older, more primitive strains of wheat and rice are isolated from the new varieties and protected from extinction.

So far the new wheat varieties have had real impact only in India, Pakistan and Mexico, although Egypt has developed its own high-yielding seed and the new Mexican varieties are planted in Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Kenya, Nigeria, Syria and Ethiopia. In the Middle East this summer, though, it was still touch and go; new rusts and diseases appeared for the first time.

Rice is in deeper trouble. The Philippines is a rice exporter for the first time in history, Ceylon has upped its rice crop 34 percent two years running but monsoon floods in Indonesia, Thailand and East Pakistan have been found to drown the new short-strawed plants, cutting off their air and sunlight.

Both the new rice and wheat varieties face consumer problems; everybody from the Turks to the Filipinos has complained about their taste and texture. In India and Pakistan, the new wheat is selling at a 20 percent discount and IR8, the famous first "miracle rice" has been found too gluey and unappetizing by most Southeast Asians, who are rapidly shifting to other still newer varieties. Nevertheless, the new rice is planted over more than 13 million acres or nearly seven percent of South Asia's ricelands and, together with wheat and maize, the new varieties now cover 34 million acres or one-tenth of Asia's grain land and its best and most fertile tenth.

This has transformed – at a very fast pace and very unevenly – the situation in many countries where economic growth has been dismally slow the past 20 years. Since the initial impact is to make rich farmers richer and the poor and landless poorer, the social and political changes of the wheat and rice revolution have already been far-reaching. Last January, class war struck Tanjore, in south India's rice bowl, which had done exceptionally well in raising rice yields. With more to share, landless tenants began fighting landlords for higher wages.

Some FAO economists believe the new seeds figured significantly in the fall of Pakistani President Ayub Khan. West Pakistan has been spectacularly successful with both the new rice and wheat on its largely irrigated lands. Steamy East Pakistan goes 60 percent under water during the monsoon season and the new short-strawed rice went under too. With East Pakistan's economic stagnation more apparent than ever, gangs roamed, killing and looting, the administration virtually collapsed and some prosperous farmers who had done well with the new seeds were condemned by "people's courts" on the old Chinese pattern. Until the army restored order, leftist Bengali parties were calling for a mass uprising and seizure of lands. I heard serious talk from both Indians and Pakistanis at the FAO of the possibility that Pakistan's growing economic disparity might lead to a breakoff of East Pakistan and its formation with India's West Bengal of a new independent, leftist and possibly ungovernable republic.

One gets the feeling of living inside a kaleidoscope that has just been given a tremendous shake. When the familiar pattern of things is so suddenly changed, I suppose it is a common experience not to be able to see any pattern at all for a moment or two afterwards. But at the FAO, under the aegis of A. E. Boerma, a jolly, energetic Dutchman who succeeded Sen two years ago, the stocktaking is under way; it is felt patterns are beginning to emerge and that they are not all that discouraging at that. Boerma, a Keynesian agricultural economist, sees the basic cause of the world food problem as poverty and – shades of Daniel P. Moynihan – believes a "jobs and income" strategy will be necessary to solve it.

He describes the main obstacle ahead in the wheat and rice revolution as the lack of cash in the pockets of large unemployed masses of the world's people, a lack which translates itself into little effective demand or the markets that would motivate peasant farmers to grow more. "It is an almost perfect vicious circle," he says, "aggravated by a rapid growth in population, which means yet more recruits for the legions of the unemployed." The solution he prescribes is "to increase the purchasing power of the impoverished masses, which means increasing their incomes and giving them productive work. The first priority, if we are going to solve the hunger problem, is to increase the number of wage earners."

Dr. Boerma feels this problem is further compounded by a simultaneous and growing demand by small, newly wealthy minorities in the poor countries for

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much better food, especially meat, which far outruns production, forces prices upward and puts many protein foods out of the reach of the malnourished masses who really need them.

When Boerma first took over FAO, the *Economist* slyly commented that the world food situation seemed to have changed along with the FAO's director general. This was before the full impact of the agricultural revolution hit Western public opinion early last year. Since then Boerma has undertaken the first major reorganization in FAO's 25 years, trying to replace dead wood with green and get its vast bureaucracy – 2,500 staffers in Rome, another 2,000 administering a $100-million-a-year aid program in the field – to help him rethink the food problem.

To bring things into focus, Boerma has the FAO concentrating its energies in five areas: development of the new wheat and rice varieties, reduction of wastage of foods after harvesting (about 10 percent is now lost), an attack on protein deficiency, making fuller use of rural manpower and promoting agricultural projects that increase foreign exchange earnings.

He also seeks a broader multiple approach to agriculture in most poor countries, with heavier fertilizer investment, more pesticides and irrigation, transport, distribution and storage facilities, more credit and extension services, improved trade and price policies and what he calls a "selective expansion" of farm output closely tied to internal and international demand. It takes the whole package, he feels, to make the agricultural revolution work in any given country.

These ideas are all set forth in the FAO's massive new Indicative World Plan (IWP), which after six years of detailed surveys and compilation, will be presented to the FAO's member nations here in early November and delivered in final form to the second World Food Conference at the Hague next June. The IWP, which aims to "indicate" to poor countries what they should do, is timed to coincide this winter with publication of Sir Robert Jackson's current study on whether the United Nations should take over development as a super multilateral aid agency, the World Bank's study of aid by the Pearson commission and preparations for the world's first international conference on the "resources of the biosphere," coming up the year after next.

Where all this is leading is to a search for an answer to the question Walter Lippmann phrased in his 80th birthday warning that "the number of people who need to be governed and are involved in governing threatens to exceed man's capacity to govern." In Lippmann's words: "This furious multiplication of the masses of mankind coincides with the ever-more-imminent threat that, because we are so ungoverned, we are polluting and destroying the environment in which the human race must live. . . . The supreme question before mankind – to which I shall not live to know the answer – is how men will be able to make themselves willing and able to save themselves."

The IWP, which runs thousands of pages in three volumes the size of Manhattan phone books, ends up with much the same conclusion: "A continuation or acceleration of population growth could well prove Malthus to be right in terms of social turmoil if not immediately in terms of famine or disease."

The problem it starkly sets forth is that if present birthrates of 2.6 percent a year continue in the poor countries until 1985 and economic growth stays at the roughly 2.7 percent present level, food supplies would have to rise 80 percent just to avert famine. It would cost the poor countries in 1985 $26 billion annually to import the food they will need, a clear impossibility since they can barely scrape up $3 billion a year for food imports now. Grain exports to Afro-Asia would have to rise to 90 million tons or alternatively 250 million acres would have to be diverted to wheat and rice from other crops and livestock. While Afro-Asia's cities would grow astronomically, 400 million of the extra 1 billion by 1985 would still be left in an increasingly destitute countryside.

FAO's plan to avoid this bleak future, as the IWP simply puts it, is "to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before" through fully harnessing the technological revolution to achieve annual growth rates gradually rising from 3.3 percent to 3.9 percent. The price tag for the whole 15 years of the plan – fasten your seat belt – is estimated at $110 billion of which $7 billion a year by 1985 would be required in foreign exchange from the developed countries.

This is somewhat lower than an $8 to $10 billion a year given me by British economist Barbara Ward some months ago. Miss Ward told me she felt the Western nations should start planning now for a development budget for the 1970s. "Their total GNP will grow by at least $60 billion each year. That means they will add $600 billion to their output by the end of the decade at the very minimum. Foreign aid has simply got to go up to the $8 to $10 billion a year class if we want to do it in time."

The IWP's budget is based on the estimate that yearly spending on agriculture in the poor countries must be tripled by 1985; of the money, 12 percent would go for irrigation, 35 percent for equipment and machines (40 percent imported from the West), 16 percent for livestock and buildings, 4 percent for fishing and 3 percent for forestry. With this input, the FAO experts believe wheat and rice production could achieve needed levels by 1980, allowing diversification and intensified land use, both to meet production objectives and assist in creating jobs. It proposes meeting short-term protein needs through vastly expanded pork and

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chicken programs and long-term needs through high-yielding pulses and soybeans and much more widespread cattle-breeding, including a shift of all sub-Sahara Africa out of crops and into cattle ranches.

Foreign aid, while seen increasing, is also predicted to change, with grain supplies shifting to high-protein foods and milk, and the major need becoming farm machinery, fertilizer and seed processing plant.

The IWP also makes a plea for a single, international aid-coordinating agency to set goals, prevent duplication, administer technical and financial assistance and work out integrated policies for production, trade and aid. On a short-term basis, Boerma, like the World Bank's Robert McNamara, has taken steps to involve FAO in both more integrated country analysis on all aspects of the economy, not simply agriculture, and in closer coordination of its activities with those of other international agencies; he has just established new departments for closer relations with the World Bank and with private industry.

Largely international administration of aid, in FAO's view, is desirable because of the growing need for a global approach to unemployment, disparities between areas of high and low agricultural potential (like Africa), the heavy economic dependence of many ex-colonial countries such as Cuba or Mauritius on a few export crops of declining value (only timber and beef are seen having a growing market in the West), and to avoid such further pollution of the environment as deforestation or misuse of river headwaters.

Although the IWP is a strictly technical document, the economists who wrote it found it impossible to come up with realistic future projections on agriculture without taking social and political implications into consideration. For instance, there seemed to be a consensus among FAO's policy planners that both Western and Communist ideologies have been somewhat overtaken by the agricultural revolution. The general feeling seemed to be that the allegiance of the poor countries is likely to go to whoever can devise a system that allows the fastest economic growth and that both the West and Communist bloc are starting out with major handicaps.

The West, it was said, is saddled with having left behind in its former colonies a ruling political and intellectual elite educated to preserve colonial interests rather than spark the entrepreneurial spirit among its peasant masses on which success in the agricultural revolution depends. The Western-educated elite, which still controls most of the civil administrations and universities in the poor countries, has proved to be very conservative and has not responded very imaginatively to technological breakthroughs.

This would seem to provide an opening to the Communists, but the FAO officials feel they too have been handicapped by a lack of faith in the transfer of technology without the kind of radical social revolution, agrarian reform and restructuring of a society that would make it virtually impossible to harness the new seeds and methods of cultivation. Russia itself has been forced to play only a marginal role because of its own comparatively backward agricultural technology and its rigidity in trying to transfer its own experience of moving directly into rapid industrialization without first putting food production on a sound basis.

China is another story. The FAO experts feel that should Peking ever offer the Chinese peasantry the material incentives that until now have been anathema to orthodox Maoism, the new seeds would have even more spectacular success in China's great northern wheat belt than in India and West Pakistan. One predicted China could easily have a surplus of millions of tons of wheat to dump on the world market even after feeding her 750 millions. Until this happens it is felt the key development in the Communist world is what conclusions are drawn when the new 2.5 million acre irrigation project along the Danube in Eastern Europe is soon planted in the new wheat varieties.

Virtually every FAO official I interviewed believes some form of social revolution will follow the agricultural revolution in all too many of the poor countries. Since the new seeds tend to raise a peasant family's income 20 to 30 percent, the newly emergent commercial farming class is likely to be conservative and provide a base for stable government – providing it includes a big enough minority of the population (as it clearly does not in East Bengal).

The toughest policy question faced by FAO has been whether to advise governments to steam right ahead to reach national production goals as fast as possible by helping rich farmers or reduce the risk of violent revolution by trying to spread out its investment among the masses of peasants. The policy that has been adopted is to urge countries to make national food goals their top priority, even if it means dangerously accentuating social inequalities. The reason is obvious: mankind has no time to fool around and worry about political niceties.

As one official said, "We are suddenly faced with a situation in which two-thirds of the world's peasants are beginning to become involved in a market economy after centuries of subsistence farming and marginal cash incomes. The peasants are responding to incentives much more overwhelmingly than anyone foresaw. The revolution is coming so fast and is so unprecedented many governments are having to make successive, difficult adjustments in a very short period of time. It is hard for them because their best people are not in agriculture, they lack money and, most critical, many are lacking in imagination. They do not fully recognize the seeds of change."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Madwoman of Chaillot
(Warner Bros. – 7 Arts)

Adalen 31
(Paramount)

And Some Notes

Jean Giraudoux's play *The Madwoman of Chaillot* has had bad luck in America. Before it was produced here in 1948, I read a literal translation which I remember as more full and suggestive than Maurice Valency's version. The latter was presented in New York with the late Martita Hunt as the countess. Miss Hunt was a passable ten-minute actress, but she was in a two-hour part. Last season there was a musical version called *Dear World*, but someone with every reason to recommend the show advised me not to see it. (I later heard a few of the songs and was glad I had missed it.) Now there is a film, with Valency's version as its base and with Katharine Hepburn as the countess. Miss Hepburn has had a long and rightly successful career playing herself, sometimes called Tracy Lord as in *The Philadelphia Story*, sometimes Tracy's later incarnations as in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. She has skill in presentation but almost none in creation. If a part does not come to her, she cannot go to it. *Long Day's Journey into Night* was one of the more recent proofs of that, as was *The Lion in Winter;* and *The Madwoman* proves it again.

Producers and others fall in love with personality actresses when they have strong personalities like Miss Hepburn's, and then they proceed to confuse appeal with range. Here, as in *The Lion*, all Miss Hepburn can do is smile a lot and cry a lot. What was conceived as a fantastic figure embodying European ideals of chivalry and virtue and generosity in a last allegorical stand against Mammon becomes, in her hands, a right-minded Yankee spinster, Doing Good. The autocrat who still believes in the power of autocracy to further honor – that woman has been replaced by a sugar-candy bore.

But even the most suitable actress (Edith Evans, possibly, who plays a small role) would have had trouble with Edward Anhalt's screenplay, which belabors its points about money corruption in such an old-fashioned agitprop way that I wanted to go out and subscribe to the *Wall Street Journal* in realistic human rebuke. Add to this the direction of Bryan Forbes, one of the thinnest of the talents that have married spuriousness to success in the last decade, and the result is lame, limping tedium.

Forbes uses his wife Nanette Newman in the ingenue role, thus – like many a director before him – imposing the obligations of his bed on the public. But an "all-star" cast of capitalists are not much better than no-no Nanette. Yul Brynner makes more than the usual ass of himself as a fiendish tycoon. Paul Henreid, who was not really missed, returns as a French general. Donald Pleasence, a fine actor, can do nothing with a stupid role. Richard Chamberlain, a stupid actor, does less than nothing with his. Oscar Homolka walks past the camera a few times on the way to pick up his salary checks. Margaret Leighton doesn't even really seem to be there. Giulietta Masina *is* there, providing unintended humor as she struggles with English. And Danny Kaye, as the ragpicker, is the epitome of commercial "cameo" casting: put an entertainer in some sort of costume, give him a "heart" part, and he will show the world the Hamlet beneath the clown. If you saw Ed Wynn as the blind man in *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, you know how inept Kaye is.

Only Edith Evans, as a legalistic old nut, manages to splinter off some icicles of brisk wit. With Dame Edith as the madwoman the film might have been bearable, though it could not have been good. As it is, Giraudoux's touching fable about mythical oil deposits beneath the beauty of Paris has still never really been seen by Americans.

Bo Widerberg, the Swedish director, has now restated his idea of tragedy: make everything very pretty and then have something nasty happen. In *Elvira Madigan* honey flowed all over the screen until the two lovers met their suicide pact. Calendar pictures of perfect idylls fluttered past until harsh facts – perfectly predictable except to that dumb pair – ripped the pictures across. Now we get *Adalen 31*, which takes place in the Swedish town of that name in 1931 and is about an actual labor struggle in which five people were killed. (The event led to the victory of the Social Democrats who have dominated Swedish politics since then.) Before the fight we see the family of a striking worker, all of them perfectly happy; and we see the boss's family, every one of whom is a perfect doll. The worker's oldest son meets the boss's beautiful daughter, and they make beautiful first love. (Including a pregnancy, which the girl's mother handles with beautiful aplomb.) Then, into all this beautifulness, the harsh confrontation irrupts. But even that trouble – like the *Madigan* suicides – is beautiful: a wistful long shot of marching workers across a lake, a soldier putting flowers on his machine gun. There is even some beautiful blood. At the end the dead worker's family are cleaning their windows with beautiful smiles in a beautiful bit of symbolism.

There are some good performances: Peter Schildt as the young lover, Kerstin Tidelius as his mother, Roland Hedlund, as his father. There is an enchanting small boy. (Widerberg handles children well.) The girl, Marie de Geer, has a large, sunny face. Her mother is nicely sketched by Anita Björk, more mature of course than she was in *Miss Julie* (1950) but no less attractive. And there are a couple of good scenes: the angry strikers berating the worker-father for helping a wounded strike-breaker; a drunken officer, after the slaughter, telling the boss who now scorns him that it was *he* who paid for the bullets.

But much of the rest, often shot in great soft close-ups, is a run-through of the stock symptoms of adolescence and some stock views of workingmen, their games and teasings. When the men are finally at the end of their patience and march in protest, out of nowhere (as far as the film is concerned) comes the *Internationale*. The slaughter is equally unprepared, either in terms of the boss's brutality or the soldiery's

(Continued on page 32)

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Gilbert A. Harrison: McCarthy on His Campaign

The Year of the People by Eugene J. McCarthy

(Doubleday; $6.95)

By entering the New Hampshire primary, Eugene McCarthy released political energies we had not known were there, or had not known were ready to burst forth with such intensity. The young were a revelation. Yet in his account of last year's campaign, McCarthy gives them little more than two pages, and the remarkable thing is that they probably won't mind. "After all," one of the young organizers said after reading this book, "if I had written the story I would have given only two pages to the Senator." The uniqueness, the importance of the McCarthy-for-President movement was its proof of the power of popular participation, given a popular issue. The consequences are with us in the Vietnam Moratorium, in the McGovern Commission's efforts to pry the Democratic Party open, and in the renewing of local Democratic organizations; in brief – "The New Politics." None of this would have happened the way it did if there had been no Vietnam, or had McCarthy been a more conventional candidate.

He was anything but that. A conventional candidate would not say of a primary, even after the event, that it "tested the character of some politicians, not necessarily making them honest, but certainly more truthful." The unorthodoxy was not all loss. McCarthy's disregard of detail, his reluctance to assign clear lines of authority, his lack of any firm command structure ("a number of people . . . thought there was an inner circle or at least thought there should have been and that they should have been included in it"), his off-handedness and delight in poets and folk-singers – all this encouraged the "amateurs," especially the young, to run their course, and they're still running. He was criticized for not "stirring up the people." That was not his style; "but if it had been, there was no need to stir up the people in the State of New Hampshire." He was charged in the press with laziness and boredom. He *was* bored with repeating himself. He *was* lazy, unresponsive, when people urged him to do, to say, things that seemed to him pointless. And he *was* on occasion insensitive to appearances. When he said that Lyndon Johnson had overreacted by summoning the National Security Council in the middle of the night to consider the Czech crisis, he was basically right. But he was tactically wrong, for the remark was read as a callous rebuke to the hopes of Eastern Europeans.

He could not be the old familiar Democratic Party leader; could not in part, because he had little personal rapport with the traditional sources of Democratic Party power – the minorities and organized labor. He could not also, because salvation did not seem to him to require the vigorous assertion of personal authority. And he could not because it was not in him to butter up the crowd, or his own staff. If he had heard the phrase "thank you," he had forgotten it. Who, after all, should be thanking whom? He had few kind words for his colleagues, and more than enough cutting ones ("It is about as useful to give Senator [Blank] information as it is to give arms to the Royal Laotian Army"). None were in his debt; he had not put them there. He did not appreciate, as pros do, that votes go to those who most skillfully package their opinions and personalities. He seemed not to care. He could not run a race as if he were the head of an advertising agency, nor allow others to do so. He ignored, threw away political "opportunities." Some around him found that incredible, then intolerable. They are writing their recollections.

The Year of the People, title notwithstanding, is modest in intent. The Senator wishes to "fill in some of the information gaps and clear up some of the misunderstandings that arose in the course of the campaign" and to provide a "worthwhile commentary," something that might help "in understanding and influencing American politics and government policies in the years ahead." There is an occasional lovely sentence: "The snow was gone, although the northern lakes were still frozen, and the geese in their northern migration walked about on gray April ice in a state of indecision and surprise." The account is conservative in temper, proper to one who places sharp limits on what can be won through politics, who rarely overstates or overpromises, who is suspicious of power, particularly too great a concentration of power in the White House. He is preoccupied with "process." In sending cabinet members to Wisconsin to campaign, "The Administration did not have a very clear sense of the special institutional functions of certain offices of the government." But McCarthy's conservatism runs deeper than that. He speaks of "the need for a revived sense of profession and vocation in modern society, not in the traditional or formal way in which these two concepts were accepted in earlier times, but in a modern context in which each person comes to an understanding of what his work is all about, what its social implications and consequences are, and on the basis of that understanding accepts those special responsibilities which rest upon all those in a given field of work." The emphasis is on quality, relevance, personal obligation and freedom. His faith is not in managers; he is pleased that in Minnesota there had never been for any length of time "uneducated minorities who could be controlled or manipulated by party leaders." He will not rely on decision by quantitative analysis. "All the calculators and all the computers," he writes of Vietnam, "could not in any way measure the power and the strength and the willingness to die in a cause,

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and it was the failure on the part of Secretary McNamara, experienced in the statistics of the automobile industry of Detroit – an industry in which the president of one of the big three could not, by the very nature of the industry itself, ever fail – to understand this reality that moved him from one misjudgment to another."

The skepticism about calculators is matched by his dislike of universalizing the American Way. Still, he is an internationalist. It is Rusk who is "not a true internationalist, but rather a person with a concept of an American or Rusk plan for the reorganization of the world; or, if not for reorganization, the direction of the world as then organized. He was a most effective spokesman for a State Department which is the only established national religion in America." The move of Rusk and Humphrey in the fall of '67 to enlarge the Vietnam war into a war against China caused McCarthy "great concern and injected both new political and moral considerations into the controversy. . . . It demonstrated the rule that when we think defensively, the threat always rises to the level of the deterrent and then surpasses it." Mr. Rusk's warnings of the peril of a billion Chinese had been labelled "bold and clarifying." "They did not seem to me to be any bolder or any clearer than his previous statements," McCarthy notes, "the style and the language being his own."

We aren't told much that we didn't know about McCarthy's relations with the Kennedys. He never had been an admirer of Robert Kennedy, and the campaign, notably in California, did nothing to change that. After Kennedy's death, McCarthy could say of him that "he was the most worthy advocate – dedicated, energetic – committing all his strength to the end of achieving the objectives which he had concluded were for the good of the country." This was less than fervent, and McCarthy does not here take back what he thought before. The Kennedy organization had set up, he reports, "26 different committees to deal with different kinds of Americans. I did not know there were that many." He felt that Kennedy should have jumped into the fight earlier, if he was going to get in at all. Once Kennedy got in, McCarthy gave up hope of winning for himself; "neither he nor I could be nominated." When Ted Kennedy came to see him, to drop the hint if not to break the news of his brother's entry, McCarthy said that it did not appear that he, McCarthy, "could get the nomination, but in case it did work out I wanted him to know that I was interested in only one term. This was consistent with my effort to depersonalize the Presidency. . . ." He "needed running room." He did not get it

Months later, McCarthy would vote against Ted Kennedy as Majority Whip in the Senate (and for Russell Long). But at Chicago he had thought that Ted Kennedy and he together "might be able to win," and that he "could be for him as the nominee." He told Stephen Smith that "since Edward Kennedy and I had approximately the same views I was willing to ask my delegates to vote for him. . . . If it would weaken the cause, I would forego the nomination and a first ballot test." The response of the Kennedy group, he reports, "came, I suppose, when Wednesday morning Pierre Salinger reported that Stephen Smith . . . was now making phone calls on behalf of McGovern." Later still, during the first roll-calls on the nomination, McCarthy played with the idea of withdrawing his name, on the grounds that he could not be the nominee of a party that had endorsed the Johnson-Humphrey plank on Vietnam, and a party which had tolerated, without rebuke, the savage behavior of the forces of law and order in Chicago. But the moment came and went; it was too late; it would have looked as if he had pulled out because he feared to lose. He had already lost on Vietnam.

The majority view was that of Senator Muskie, and that view, McCarthy writes, "was essentially that [Humphrey] would accept but not demand a cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam and the formation of a coalition government in South Vietnam. This was an avoidance of the issues. The point was not what one would accept but what one was prepared to propose for acceptance." For his part, McCarthy had said all along the prerequisite for a settlement was a new government in the South, a coalition "in which all could have a share of power and responsibility." That view

Death Tree

The aging oak tree on our block, which we had
watched together,
Noting the frailty of its branches even in Spring,
Now, stripped and gaunt after an autumnal hurricane
Stands in death tall, powerful, alone.

I walk beneath, longing to tell you,
"Our tree is gone" – but you are not here.
You went out in another tempest, bruised and broken,
Before one leaf had turned to gold.

Like the tree you stand before me,
Shattered of branches, defaced of bole and leaf,
Torn away without gentleness,
Naked, wrapped in the invisible sheet of pain,
Noble in the completeness of death.

I walk in sharp winds that cut life between us;
In clearness of winter light,
Along icy edges of despair,
I keep watch by your dark death tree;
Knowing in storms that will come
No lightning bolt, in terror or anguish,
Can shatter the roots that bind me to you,
Plunged deep in primal earth clay,
In the passion and endurance of love.

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

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was unacceptable in Washington then and is now.

Since finishing his book, McCarthy has announced that he will not be a candidate for reelection as a Democratic Senator from Minnesota. Speculation about his future comes and goes with the tides. He writes that "if party procedures are not reformed, both in the Democratic Party and the Republican Party, I anticipate that a third party or a fourth party will develop on the liberal side with the same thrust that the George Wallace party had on the conservative side in 1968." He does not say he would lead it. It would be slightly surprising if he did not support it.

To sum him up is to invite refutation. This is a man who seems not to push himself forward, but is highly competitive. He will not be pinned down, always has his eye on the nearest exit, yet can be decisive. Perhaps the final explanation is poetic, not political. He quotes Yeats: "Those that I fight I do not hate/Those that I guard I do not love . . . Nor law, nor duty bade me fight/Nor public men, nor cheering crowds/A lonely impulse of delight/ Drove to this tumult in the clouds . . ." He is a serious man with a monk's taste for teasing . . . uneasily poised between the ultimate and the immediate. He would break free of the constraints of political conventionality, but another part of him knows that those constraints are rooted in realities of our nature, and do not lose their binding force for being defied. We do not know what will come. Having broken loose in protest, the challengers who did the improbable in New Hampshire have yet to cohere around some sustaining purposes and spokesmen and organization.

Alex Campbell: The Galbraith Grin

Ambassador's Journal: A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years by John Kenneth Galbraith

(Houghton Mifflin; $10.00)

American ambassadors rarely quit India unscathed. Chester Bowles has his scar. John Sherman Cooper once alighted from an Indian train, shook hands with a waiting mayor, then vanished abruptly back into the train. "The ambassador has diarrhea," an aide explained. Professor Galbraith had sinusitis as well as dysentery, and finally in Bombay underwent a minor operation, on a hospital table that was wheeled in between courses at an official luncheon. This may be nothing to the slings and arrows now awaiting him, for in his ambassadorial journal he indulges his favorite vice. I, too, once wrote a book arising from experiences in India. Nehru's government tried to ban it, but an Indian reviewer who got hold of it sharply admonished me, in print: "Wipe off that witty, shitty grin, Campbell!"

The Galbraith grin will annoy Indians, and infuriate the State Department. Though India's seizure of Goa and wars with China and Pakistan get mention as well as Jackie Kennedy's celebrated India visit, Galbraith's war with Dean Rusk is what is featured. To Galbraith, the Secretary appeared as "a cautious rather constipated man" who thought "that because foreign policy was bad under Truman and bad under Eisenhower it should be at least mediocre under Kennedy." Galbraith set out deliberately to unconstipate Rusk, and provoked him into the rudest message ever sent an ambassador by the Department: "To the extent that your position (on China) has any merit, it has been fully considered and rejected." Rusk is only the chief of Galbraith's Department targets. Much of the journal is as blazingly indiscreet

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G. Mennen Williams was Governor of Michigan for six consecutive two-year terms, from 1948 to 1960. President Kennedy then appointed him to the African post.

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as a diary on whose attempted suppression turns the plot of many a P. G. Wodehouse novel. "Another expendable politician gone," cries Galbraith, mistakenly, as Nixon goes down to defeat in California. U. Alexis Johnson is a "diligent cold warrior and an important architect of our Vietnam policy during various stages of deepening disaster," and Assistant Secretary Phillips Talbot "a marshmallow – you don't know whether he is going to stick or bounce." Galbraith says he bleeped from the diary a letter to President Kennedy "listing, with reasons, the members of the State Department who in the interests of a more effective foreign policy should forthwith be fired." But it's easy to guess the top names. An uncensored letter to President Kennedy says: "If the State Department drives you crazy, you might calm yourself by contemplating its effect on me. The other night I woke with a blissful feeling and discovered I had been dreaming that the whole Goddam place had burned down. I dozed off again hoping for a headline saying no survivors."

These quotes, though irresistible, may suggest that the Galbraith wit is indeed shitty, a sort of *rictus sardonicus*. Not always. There is a good deal of genuine infectious gaiety, and also some moments when the ambassador was too bothered by events to even try to be funny. Vietnam worried him more than Berlin or China; and he felt it ought to worry the President more. The journal contains many warnings about Vietnam, which hindsight lamentably confirms. "Keep up the threshold against the commitment of American combat forces," he urged Kennedy. "This is of the utmost importance – a few will mean more and more and more."

Other exchanges with the President are lighthearted. At a White House breakfast, "I said I objected to the *Times* describing me as arrogant. He said, 'Why not? Everybody else does.'" From the grand new embassy in New Delhi, with its indoor duck pond and its staff of 300 Americans and 726 Indians, the ambassador furnished the President with his observations on a wide spectrum of matters. "The more underdeveloped the country, the more overdeveloped the women." "Your new man may be better on sauces but cannot touch mine in reproducing the Taj Mahal in macaroons."

Life wasn't all matriarchs and macaroons, by any means. The ambassador had to contend with formidable anti-Americans like Krishna Menon, a sinister *éminence grise* who fortunately vanished like Puff the Dragon after the China debacle unmasked his almost total incompetence as both Defense Minister and Nehru's guru. Nehru himself was more simpatico; but how to explain to the Pandit such American phenomena as Nelson Rockefeller? "A most extraordinary man," Nehru commented, to Galbraith. "He talked to me about nothing but bomb shelters. Why does he think I am interested in bomb shelters? He gave me a pamphlet on how to build my own shelter."

The Indians complained to the ambassador about the Pakistanis complaining about American aid to India. Galbraith's consolation to them was that things would be worse if the US did not give India aid and thus deprived the Pakistanis of grounds for

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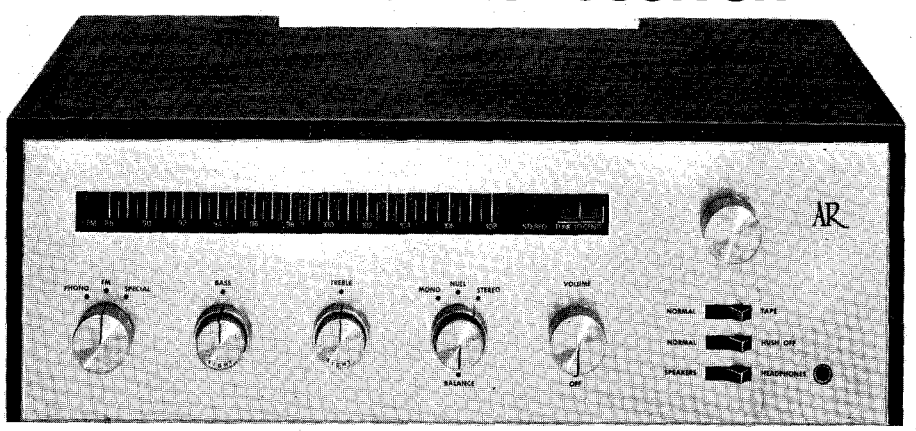

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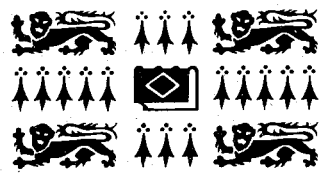
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complaint. Unfortunately the Pakistanis found additional cause for grievance. The Galbraith children acquired a Siamese kitten and called it Ahmedabad, after the town of that name, but this got shortened to Ahmed, by luckless coincidence one of the many names of the Prophet. This was almost as bad as an Australian burning down a mosque. Serious trouble was only just averted, and the animal's name was quickly changed to Gujerat. The ambassador did not think it a laughing matter, but excuses the Pakistanis. "I do not think the Pakistanis were particularly sensitive. In the darker reaches of our Bible Belt, there would have been criticisms of a Pakistan ambassador who at a moment of friction between our two nations had, however innocently, named his dog Jesus." Fortunately for Muslim ambassadors, Jesus does not have several hundred names. And unhappily it is quite likely that in the Muslim world's equivalent of the American Bible Belt, Galbraith's cat will be remembered long after Galbraith and his grin are forgotten.

Franz M. Oppenheimer: But Does He Like Turnips?

International Conflict for Beginners by Roger Fisher

(Harper & Row; $5.95)

This is a charming and intelligent book by a professor of international law at the Harvard Law School, and a Washingtonian in Richard Neustadt's sense of the word, an in-and-outer. His favorite question is: What do we do tomorrow morning?

Roger Fisher's postulate is that in order to cope with international conflict a government must seek to influence other governments. But how? To influence a government, he says, you must put yourself in its position, you must do your best to look at the problem through its eyes, in its universe of values and with *its* rhetoric. If this lesson had been applied in 1965, President Johnson's offer of $1 billion in aid to both Vietnams upon restoration of peace would have been phrased differently, for, the author points out, such an immense offer, far from being attractive to the North Vietnamese, must have raised the specter of endless economic involvement in the affairs of Vietnam by the most powerful capitalist and "imperialist" nation on earth. It must have appeared to them "as more of a threat than a promise." The offer might have been made more attractive in image, Mr. Fisher says, and more concrete in commitment, if the United States had transferred $1 billion to the Asian Development Bank to be used for reconstruction and development in all of Vietnam, it being understood that North Vietnam, if it wished, could consider its share as compensation for damage done by American bombers and artillery fire: "If we are going to offer the donkey some turnips, we had better make sure he likes turnips."

Yet it is not enough for a government to attempt to influence an adversary; it is equally essential that it have the support of its own people. A government may gain an advantage abroad, and commit political suicide at home. Imagine the domestic repercussions to any offer of "reparations" to North Vietnam! Professor Fisher is aware of this difficulty. He compares the leaders of a country to a bus driver proceeding along a dangerous road, the passengers being the public whom the driver must continue to please if he is to retain effective control of the bus. Obviously, the driver who concentrates his attention on the rearview

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mirror to catch every frown of a passenger, will court accidents. And the passengers who are critical of the driver's performance will not contribute to their safety by throwing rocks through the windows or staging a vote for another bus driver while still on the dangerous road. They would do better by encouraging the driver to keep his eyes on the road.

Basically, what the author wants is for governments to look at things as they are, not at mythologies and abstractions. (And if the adversary is irrational, that is a fact too.) But the word government is an abstraction. Decisions are made by individuals, sometimes alone, more often in groups. They want to do the "right thing." It is they whose decisions we must attempt to influence. The rule applies to any kind of conflict – "marital problems, domestic disputes, or business dealings." The clients of a typical Washington lawyer want him to make the "Government" do something: issue an export license, write a "no action" letter, give a favorable tax ruling. It is the lawyer's job to find the reasons that will persuade the appropriate official to take the desired action. The profitability to the client of a proposed sale of technology to Rumania, for example, may not move the official; but a demonstration that the sale should be permitted pursuant to a previously established governmental policy, that it will help to bolster the competitive position of an American industry in the international market and thus result in both an immediate and a longer-range benefit for the United States balance of payments, and that it complies with every one of the criteria established by the statute and the regulations administered by him – that demonstration is likely to produce a favorable response.

Thus the book is a manual for a beginning Washington lawyer today. It articulates what his elders have learned by trial and error: that requests must be specific, that they must be "yes-able," that threats – which in Washington may be threats of litigation, of arousing the wrath of an important congressional committee chairman against the reluctant bureaucrat, or of having the client's best friend with immediate access to the White House speak to the President – are usually self-defeating, that an unfavorable

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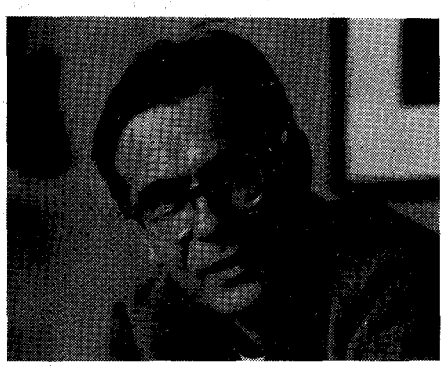
precedent can best be overcome by asking for a different decision, and that, finally, it helps to have the statute and the regulations on your side – "Law and Legal Institutions May Help," as one of the book's chapter headings puts it.

It is not the author's fault that the rules of reason he advocates are likely to work less well the further we get from Washington. To take the extreme case: it is highly probable that even the most brilliant application of reason to the conduct of daily diplomacy would have failed to prevent World War II. Hitler's goals, as well as his rhetoric, put him beyond rational communication. No reasonable proposition, however sympathetically couched and presented, could have been "yesable" to him for long.

Most of the evidence suggests that Chairman Mao and his colleagues are closer to prudence, if not rationality, than were the Nazis. Moreover, as Professor Fisher rightly insists, the irrationality of an adversary makes our rational analysis of his objectives and choices no less essential. The difficulty of finding any intelligible reflection of reality in the writings of Peking cannot be an objection to the book's theses. Mr. Fisher's argument is not that his approach will always succeed – "a gardening book will not make plants grow in . . . a drought" – but that it has the greatest chance of succeeding. "Perhaps ten per cent of international decisions reflect a purely rational judgment of what ought to be done. Our task, I suggest, is to see that the role of reason, however small, is well played."

International Conflict for Beginners shows how productive the lawyer's skill in restructuring the semantics of a problem can be. One of the best illustrations given is the justification of the blockade during the Cuban Missile Crisis. As quoted from Elie Abel: "Instead of basing the blockade on Article 51 of the United Nations Charter, which assures each nation's inherent right of self-defense in case of armed attack, Chayes (the State Department legal advisor) argued that its legal basis should be the right of the OAS to take collective measures in guarding the security of the Americas. To an international lawyer, the distinction had its importance in avoiding the establishment of a self-defense precedent the Russians might use in the future."

The book also dispels some misconceptions about international law. The notion that law can influence conduct only when backed by force is refuted by our federal government, which complies with adverse decisions of the Supreme Court even though the President, and not the Chief Justice, is the commander-in-chief of the armed forces. But here again, I was reminded that what holds true in Washington is not a universal. President Truman gave the steel mills back to their owners when the Supreme Court ordered him to do so, but President de Gaulle did not call off his referendum when his *Conseil d'Etat*, the highest administrative court in France, held it illegal. To follow the positive advice of the chapter "What Can an Outsider Do?" would be unhealthy in the Soviet Union, China, or Czechoslovakia. Any chairman of a legislative committee in one of those countries who sends the draft questionnaire proposed by Fisher to his foreign minister would be well advised to do so from a permanent address abroad. This is why the book does not leave me cheerful. It is a reminder that we don't yet live in a rational, much less one world.



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Charles Thomas Samuels: Our Ritual Drama

The Cult of Cinema: Literature and Film by Robert Richardson

(Indiana University Press; $5.50)

Unlike most people who write about movies, Robert Richardson has read some books. Possibly as a result, he is able to construct one. Moreover, he understands that movies can't be composed only of images and that good eyesight doesn't make a critic. Most film books suggest that nothing valuable will ever be said on the subject, but Richardson's suggests how a valuable statement must begin: by asserting the origin of cinema in literature and by emphasizing the features common to both.

Unfortunately, Richardson pushes his comparisons too far. For example, he is right to compare the final montage of Antonioni's *Eclipse* to a passage from Ecclesiastes, but wrong to suggest that the latter prefigures the film's technique. Both pile up images to produce a response, but the film's message is never stated, whereas the author of Ecclesiastes literally dins his into our

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ears. It is pleasant to compare the clipped doggerel of John Skelton with the jerky editing of Mack Sennett, but whereas the Keystone cops irresistibly flicker at the same rate for every spectator, Skeltonics proceed at a different pace for the student of 16th century English, the sympathetic lay reader, and the man accidentally handed a copy of "Elinour Rumming" on his way to the Bijou.

Each similitude inadvertently proves a difference. At some distance from the *Eclipse*/Ecclesiastes parallel, Richardson himself shows why it cannot be convincing: "Imagery is used both for vividness and for significance; and one might say that literature often has the problem of making the significant somehow visible, while film often finds itself trying to make the visible significant." This excellent formulation reminds us that a good book on literature and film must begin with similarities and refine these into distinctions. What Antonioni in general and *Eclipse* in particular prove is the devilish difficulty of achieving an eloquent film language that can speak with the lucid precision of words.

Thus the very few pages that Richardson devotes to the limitations of film are his most stimulating and suggestive. Formidable indeed are even selected examples from his list of what the movies cannot do:

a. They cannot ignore surfaces. The camera must shoot what already exists, even if it has been made in the prop room. As a result, film is the one art where material threatens to form the artist, so that we can understand the mania of an Antonioni who paints the grass.

b. They cannot create generalizations since even a paradigmatic hero is flesh and blood, individuated further by what we know of the actor who plays his part. Thus we understand the frequent pseudo-profundity of Bergman's dialogue, straining for a wideness of reference less powerful than his images and often contradicted by them.

c. They cannot dramatize reasoning nor show convincing intellectuals (cf. Steiner in *La Dolce Vita*) since pictures are not thoughts and soliloquies are not action.

d. They have no conditional tense and cannot therefore represent certain conflicts and alternatives that make life and literature complex. Thus creating a montage technique capable of suggesting the conditional proves so exhausting for Alain Resnais that he either dispenses with everything else (*Last Year at Marienbad*) or settles for banality (*La Guerre Est Finie*).

In elucidating Richardson's observations I have chosen great or estimable filmmakers. How much more unsuccessful are the nine out of ten men who xerox plays, ventilate novels, or process "originals"? Yet all these things film cannot do have long since been done by literature. If one wishes to understand cinema, he must stress similarities between the forms in order to show the differences, for the latter are what make film a narrative mode that is evolving at the very moment when its older, greater parent is turning back upon itself in frequent mockery and doubt.

Yet Richardson seems less interested in understanding film and its future than in conferring on both some of the prestige attached to literature, which, being an English professor, he must feel with special intensity. As aesthetics, his book is loose and casual; as advocacy, it is enlightening. A man obviously cultured and intelligent feels drawn to cinema. Knowing more of art than can be learned in a darkened movie house, he wants to legitimize his passion, and thus blurs distinctions he is clearly smart enough to perceive. Why? In answering this question, *Literature and Film* makes a contribution.

According to Richardson, modern poetry is specially valuable for rejecting traditional forms, for achieving a noncoercive order in which objects take their place as intrinsic goods and not as vehicles for some larger significance. Similarly, film images give us things as themselves, demanding only that we cherish them through perception. But "few recent poems center on a fully revealed, recognizably human figure . . .," whereas "the humanness of the films and their sense of order are inextricably bound up together . . ." In short, supremely among modern arts,

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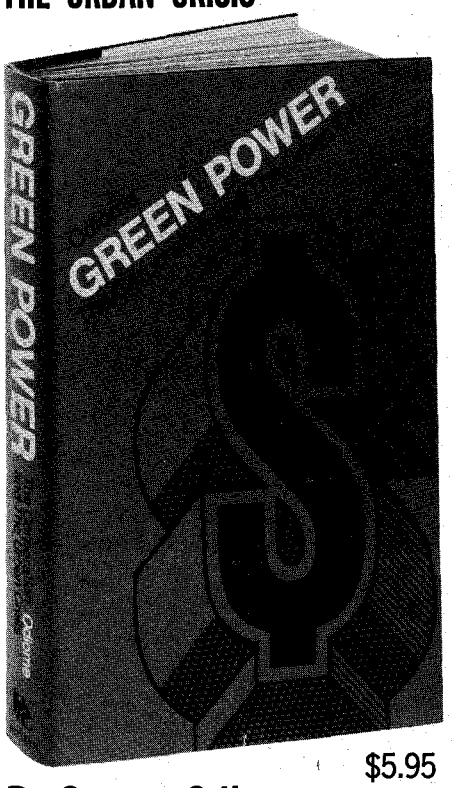

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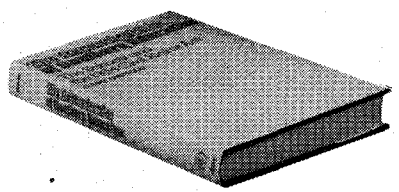

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOUTHERN EDUCATION

The Schools and the 1964 Civil Rights Act

By GARY ORFIELD

University of Virginia

Two assassinations—the Wallace campaign—the Chicago Convention—the destruction of Resurrection City—all signs seem to point toward the impossibility of establishing long-term Federal intervention to insure equal opportunity for all races.

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film satisfies our hunger to confront the human image, not as an ingredient in assertions or formal experiments but as something intrinsically exciting.

There is much sentimentality in this contention, and much faulty thinking. Ninety-nine out of one hundred films give us human images that are stale, flat and unprofitable. Dumber students groove at the flicks out of sheer laziness, but their brighter friends and teachers (though not free from laziness either) probably worship films for something like the reason with which Richardson concludes his book.

The movies have become our ritual dramas, enacting humanism rather than God-worship; our real-life tales, born of the common man's hunger for self-knowledge rather than the aristocrat's need for diversion. But the lover of literature still waits for the cinematic equivalent of Elizabethan drama and the nineteenth century novel.

A Communication

I.Q. and Race

Sirs:

Christopher Jencks' discussion in the September 13 issue of the Jensen article ("What Color Is IQ?") is a very helpful guide to a very complex subject. I was somewhat startled, however, to read Mr. Jencks' observation that "Jensen's decision to reopen this ancient controversy [the genetic factor in IQ differences between whites and blacks] without first gathering more evidence strikes me as a serious political blunder." Something far more serious than a political error is involved; namely, scholarly responsibility.

In recent years there has been much talk about whether or not physical and biological scientists have an obligation to consider the social consequences of the work they do and the discoveries they make. Most of that controversy rests on the assumption that the findings arrived at are demonstrable with that high degree of certainty which the best findings in the field of physical science attain. Unfortunately, a similar assurance of correctness is not typical of conclusions of behaviorial and social scientists. It would seem to be an essential part of the responsibility of a social scientist to be aware of this fact and to consider carefully the social impact of his pronouncements in the light both of the assurance with which they can be offered and of their impact upon the social scene.

As I read Jensen's piece, I find three principal propositions. The first is that there is a substantial genetic factor in that kind of human performance which we describe as IQ. Second, that Jensen can mathematically ascertain that the genetic factor in that performance is 80 percent of the total; environmental factors contribute only 20 percent. Third, that a significant genetic difference in the intellectual IQ capacity measured exists between racial groups, specifically blacks and whites.

It needs no great sensitivity to what is going on in the United States today to be aware that a pronouncement that blacks as a race are significantly inferior to whites in IQ capability will be widely utilized throughout the nation in support of the resistance to the elimination of the caste system which has been our heritage with respect to minority groups distinguished by their color. It would seem to follow that, before any such pronouncement (or any assertion likely to be so understood) is made by a scholar, he should have a very high degree of assurance of the persuasiveness of his position.

The comments in the issue of the *Harvard Educational Review* which followed the publication of Jensen's article, although, as Jencks' points out, not altogether satisfactory, rip large holes in the third at least of Jensen's propositions. The Jencks' piece rips it completely to shreds. In the state of the evidence to which Jensen refers and which Jencks reviews, it is thoroughly irresponsible for a scholar to give currency to that third hypothesis.

Indeed, even the assertion by Jensen that he can place a quantitative value

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upon the relative contributions of genetics and environment to IQ capability is most speculative. Jensen argues that since IQ tests have been so devised as "to *force*" the scores to assume a normal distribution, the question arises whether intelligence itself, and not just the measurements of it, is "really normally distributed?" He asserts that the argument appears to be circular and the only way out of the circularity that he knows of "is to look for evidence that our intelligence scales or IQs behave like an 'interval scale.'" This hazard is bridged by the following assertion: "In brief, IQs behave just about as much like an interval scale as do measurements of height which we know for sure is an interval scale. Therefore, it is not unreasonable to treat the IQ as an interval scale." So treating it leads Jensen to the positive sounding conclusion that the inheritability of intelligence represents about 80 percent of it. When one keeps in mind the uncertainty of the basic assumption on which the calculations are entered into, one can reasonably wonder about the firmness of that figure.

The quality of Jensen's analysis is brought in question at the very outset by his flat opening statement that "Compensatory education has been tried and it apparently has failed." In view of the enormous complexity of achieving sound experimental control of programs in this area, especially considering the vastly different circumstances under which compensatory education programs were tried, the hasty acceptance of this initial assumption indicates more of a desire to believe than a basis for conviction.

At the heart of Jensen's argument is the proposition that "the idea that the lower average intelligence and scholastic performances of Negroes could involve, not only environmental but also genetic factors, . . . has been neither contradicted nor discredited by evidence." He then examines in isolation each of the specific reasons that might be advanced to explain the "inequality among racial groups in the attainments and rewards generally valued by all groups within our society," and finds each of them wanting as an explanation. What he fails to give any consideration to is the fact, which we in the United States have only recently come to accept as a fact, that since the Civil War we have built what is virtually a caste system. Hence the overall impact of that social structure on the entire process of learning is what must be considered. This does not lend itself to controlled measurement easily. In other words, if one accepts the magnitude of the total social burden that has been placed upon black members of our society for hundreds of years, one can reasonably accept as a working premise that it may distort the apparent relationship between genetic and environmental contributions insofar as the latter are examined in these few particular aspects that happen to have been isolated in one study or another. To assert, without taking account of this overriding factor, that the available evidence suggests that genetic factors are presumably significantly responsible for the lower overall performance of Negroes in intelligence tests, is to pass up the more obvious in favor of a less obvious hypothesis.

It is not hard to see why Jensen took this path. His article has repeated references to his irritation at the fact that in recent psychological and educational literature "genetic factors in individual differences have usually been belittled, obscured, or denigrated, probably for reasons of interest mainly on historical, political, and ideological grounds which we need not go into here." And again: "The possible importance of genetic factors in racial behavioral differences has been greatly ignored, almost to the point of being a tabooed subject, just as were the topics of venereal disease and birth control a generation or so ago."

Jensen thus takes the position that he is a kind of twentieth century Galileo holding out for "truth" against sentimental obscurantists. When the advancement of hypotheses by a scholar with standing is bound to have a great impact on the resolution of current social and political issues of enormous magnitude, I am suggesting that scholarly responsibility dictates care in advancing those which are highly speculative. The bare fact that they might be true does not, I suggest, justify advancing them with the full panoply of scientific validation when they do not in fact have a sufficient degree of firmness. Just as the Supreme Court has come to the view that the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment precludes invidious differential treatment based solely on grounds of race, so a sensitivity to the social problems of our day requires a clear showing of the high probability of their truth before hypotheses are advanced which reinforce the stereotypes on which our caste system has been built.

Jensen subsequently stated, in an interview at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, published in the Center magazine for September, 1969, that "I think that the degree of probability with which racial genetic differences can be stated today is not adequate as a basis for policies to deal with racial issues." For years this will be vainly chasing the assertion in his paper that there *are* sufficient grounds for entertaining the hypothesis of substantial genetic group differences in intelligence between whites and blacks.

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Kauffmann, *from page 20*

oppression. There is not even the sense of a flash accident, something that was not meant to get serious but that blew up. There is simply a sense of omission – a disconnection between most of the picture and its climax.

The obvious comparison is with Monicelli's *The Organizer* (1963) which is about similar struggles in Turin at the turn of the century and which has seemed better to me each of the three times I've seen it. Monicelli's film is rooted in history and in ideological currents, yet replete with the life of individuals: a work that traces aspiration, heroism, futility, and stubborn aspiration on its way to futility again – in other words, it has some sense of the human condition. Widerberg, who has the ability to make nice scenes, has too limited a vision and is too pleased wth his prettinesses to come near an achievement like that.

Two American films on unrelated subjects are much alike in tone. *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid,* based on the lives of that real pair, is a new-style Western: non-heroism, humor, sex, and sophisticated camera-work. But the underlying tone of William Goldman's script is Big-City Smart; all through it I kept thinking of the old show tune, "Way Out West on West End Avenue." Besides, it is unfocused and unrealized; Goldman evidently thought that if his characters had once actually existed, that was sufficient rationale for their beings in his film. George Roy Hill's direction, like the writing, is imitative of everything that's "in." Paul Newman does his best with a nebulous character (Butch). Robert Redford (Sundance) is nearly as taut as the early Zachary Scott, whom he resembles, but has some pulpy spots. Katharine Ross, as Redford's girl, is pleasant.

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, which is about two Hollywood couples today, was written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker but might have been written by Goldman, whose script might have been written by Mazursky and Tucker. There are clever laughs in it and some clever sketch acting, particularly by Elliott Gould, but the basic trouble is that it is about itself. The picture itself is part of the subject. The story glides glibly through the lush life, including Esalen encounters and sexual liberation, but it not only has no viewpoint about its materials, it has no distance from them. If the two couples in the film had gone to see a film called *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and had just *loved* it, I wouldn't have been the least bit surprised. I am not contending that the film ought to have been satirical or superior to its people; I'm merely noting plaintively that, after all the laughs were over, I would like to have had some idea of what the picture was for and about. I certainly don't think its makers knew (Mazursky directed), or they would not have copped out with an ending, derived from *8½,* which is completely irrelevant in temper and content from everything that has gone before.

Two points of interest. Most of the picture is in set-pieces, revue sketches, a mode that in recent Second City years has gone from dive-under-the-bed cartoons to nibbling naturalism, just as cartoon strips themselves have gone from slap and dash to Feiffer's uncomfortably high fidelity. Yet the best scene – Dyan Cannon at the analyst – is in quite a different style, straight.

And an incidental amusement. This picture reveals that a number of film critics are experts on wife-swapping. They tell us with assurance that the two couples would or would not have gone through with their orgy (they don't, actually) and whether the audience around them does or does not swap.

Note. Cheers for an extraordinarily fine piece of publishing – *The Focal Encyclopedia of Film and Television Techniques,* which has just been issued here by Hastings House. It has over 1100 pages with 1600 entries, almost 1000 illustrations (line drawings and diagrams), and an index of 10,000 sub-references. As if that were not enough, the general editor, Raymond Spottiswoode, has added a 40,000-word "basic anatomy" that sums up film and television techniques in a general survey, with cross-references to encyclopedia entries. The book is well-designed and well-printed.

I have neither the competence nor the expectation of longevity to check every entry, but I have read some of them, including some biographical ones, and the level is high. Spottiswoode, who has written two previous good books, *A Grammar of Film* and *Film and Its Techniques,* has chosen a group of 100 qualified contributors and has quite obviously labored with extreme care to produce what seems a monumentally invaluable book. The price is $37.50, but this is not steep in relation to current book prices, especially considering that the book is imported. (Produced in England by Focal Press.) If the above sounds like a sales brochure, that's precisely my intent. Everyone interested in films can use this book, and certainly every library, public or college, should have it.

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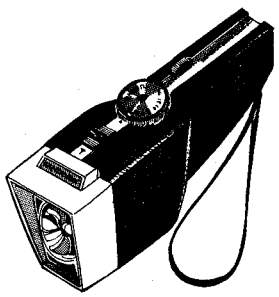

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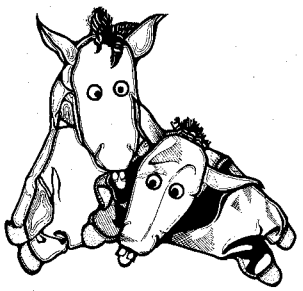

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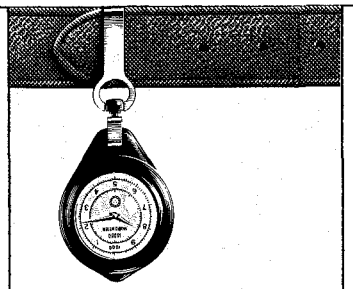

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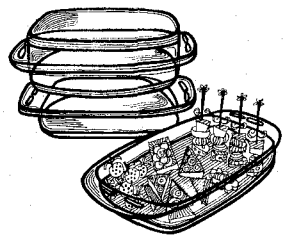

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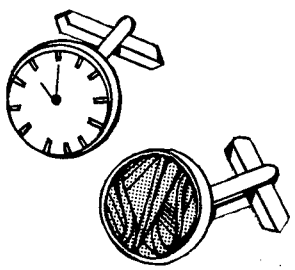

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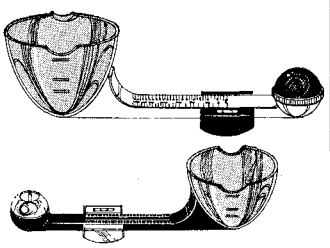

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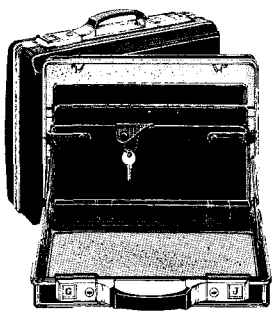

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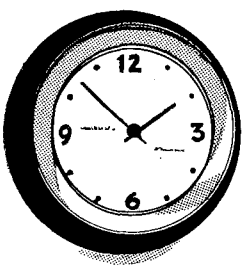

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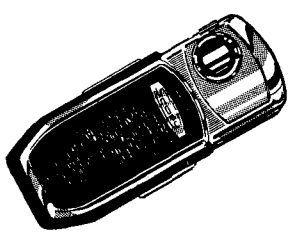

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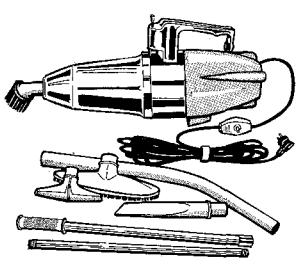

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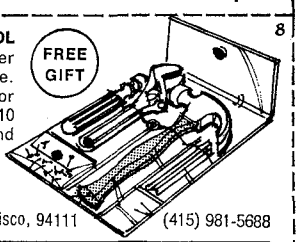

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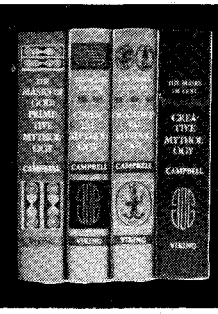

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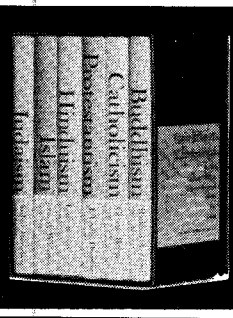

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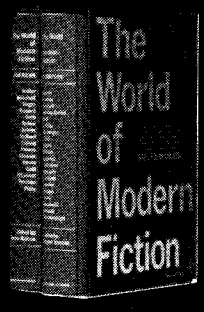

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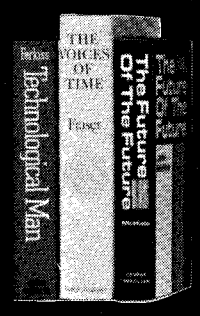

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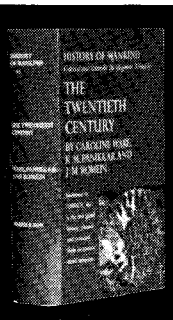

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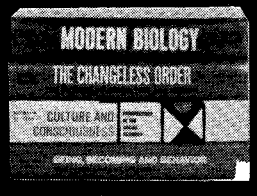

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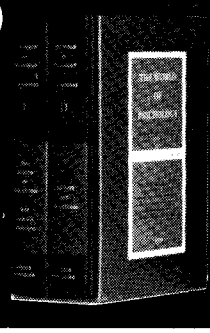

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